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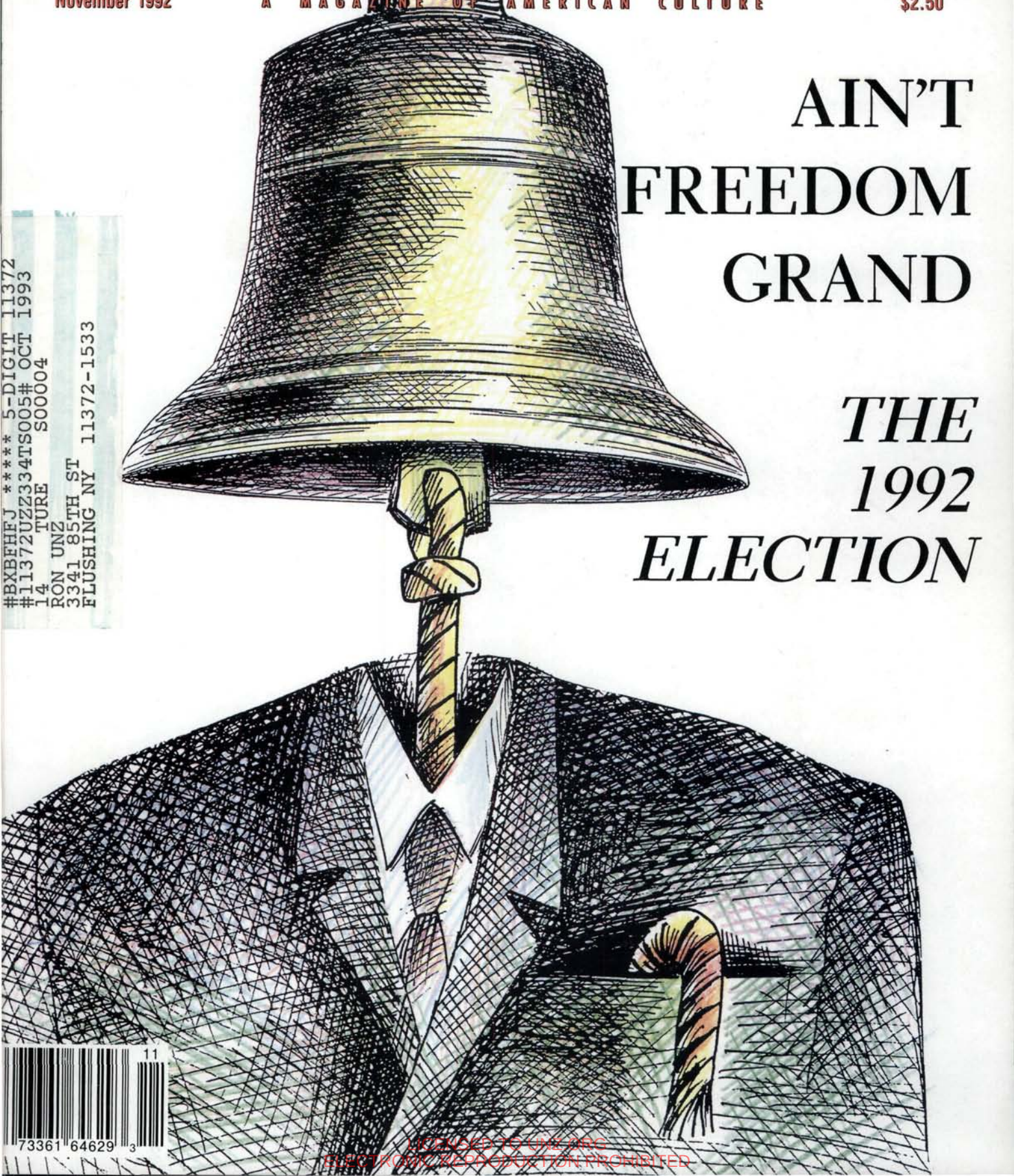

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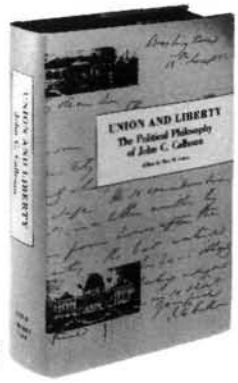

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A publication of The Rockford Institute.
Editorial and Advertising Offices:
934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5811.
Subscription Department: P. O. Box 800,
Mount Morris, IL 61054. Call 1-800-877-5459.
For information on advertising in *Chronicles*,
please call Rochelle Frank at (815) 964-5811.

U. S. A. Newsstand Distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, OH 44870.

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Chronicles (ISSN 0887-5731) is published monthly for $24 per year by The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Second-class postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Chronicles*, P. O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

The views expressed in *Chronicles* are the authors' alone and do not necessarily reflect the views of The Rockford Institute or of its directors. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

Vol. 16, No. 11 November 1992

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On 'Black Illegitimacy'

In an August 1992 Cultural Revolutions, Allan Carlson takes President Bush to the wood shed, as I guess he should have. But I have a question regarding his statement, "During the Great Society era, the black illegitimacy rate actually *declined* from 100.8 in 1961 to 76.0 in 1975." Since *Roe* v. *Wade* went into law in 1973—and it's my understanding that 40 percent of all abortions are from black women—would that not account for the drop in live births?

—*Rodney G. Downie*

Dr. Carlson Replies:

Mr. Downie makes a valid point. The growing availability of abortion-on-demand in the early 1970's (at first in New York and several other states, and then nationwide courtesy of *Roe* v. *Wade*) probably played a partial role in the decline of the illegitimacy rate among blacks (births per 1,000 unmarried black women, ages 15-44) after 1970. However, this development cannot explain the decline of the black illegitimacy rate from 97 in 1965 to 82 in 1969 (introduction of the birth control pill, though, might be a factor here), let alone the prior decline from 100.8 in 1961 to 97.5 four years later.

My argument in the article was that to the degree that "the urban family problem" is understood by the Bush administration to be code words for black illegitimacy, then the Great Society programs of the 1965-69 period cannot really be held accountable. We have to look deeper into our nation's past to find the causes of family turmoil, an investigation that Mr. Bush (let alone Mr. Clinton) will predictably avoid.

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

WATERGATE was once again the site of intrigue and stealth, only this time the GOP head of state couldn't wait to tell the world about what it all had produced: something called the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). The White House was in a panicked rush to complete the free trade accord, linking the American, Canadian, and Mexican economies in time for the Republican National Convention. But Congress, vested with constitutional authority in foreign trade matters, would not be allowed to see the treaty for several more weeks.

Governor Clinton, the elites of both political parties, and most of the American business community support NAFTA. The conventional view is that by removing trade and investment barriers in all three nations (thereby establishing the single largest "trade bloc" in the world), our manufacturers will better be able to compete with their increasingly formidable and bold Asian and European counterparts. Moreover, its advocates say, NAFTA will lock in the dramatic economic reforms undertaken by the Salinas government in Mexico, enhance political stability there, and relieve immigration pressures here.

While there indeed may be some nice things to say about the agreement (the text had not yet been released as of this writing), the speed and secrecy with which the treaty was forged leaves unanswered several troubling questions that have always surrounded the concept of "free trade" with Mexico. Perhaps the chief question facing the President centers on what is perceived to be his primary political vulnerability: Were American economic interests once again subordinated to foreign policy concerns? A case can be made that NAFTA is not so much a foreign trade initiative as it is a foreign aid initiative. In the era of no Cold War and big deficits, the State Department boys are looking for back-door ways around the political taboo on foreign aid. Through NAFTA, critics claim, Foggy Bottom can give aid to Mexico by sending them jobs now held by Americans.

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Remember, Mexico is still plagued by those big debts from the 1970's, and the international bankers at State and Treasury are nervous. They know that all the salsa in all the Taco Bells in the world won't produce the kind of hard currency needed to service the debt. But Mexico's reformist president has an idea that might attract the needed capital.

Carlos Salinas is the current darling of Washington, because he's seen as a democratic capitalist. But he isn't looking north to the American economic model as he changes Mexico. He's looking to the turbocharged economies of Asia. The economies of South Korea, Taiwan and company used foreign investment to spur rapid growth based on exports (versus growth based on consumption). This is what Mexico wants to do, too, and President Salinas has been straightforward about it. That's why the promise of an American boom accomplished through the sale of consumer products to 100 million Mexicans is so laughable. It's much more likely to be the other way around.

Another question raised by the deal is whether American big business won out over smaller firms—the ones that create all the jobs in this country. Only the *Fortune* 500-size companies have the economies of scale to move factories across the Rio Grande. In effect, the government burdens the job-creating small companies with regulations and taxes, refuses to look out for their interests in the face of predatory foreign trade practices, and then, with a wink and a nod, allows the multinationals to escape to Mexico where wages are one-tenth what they are here.

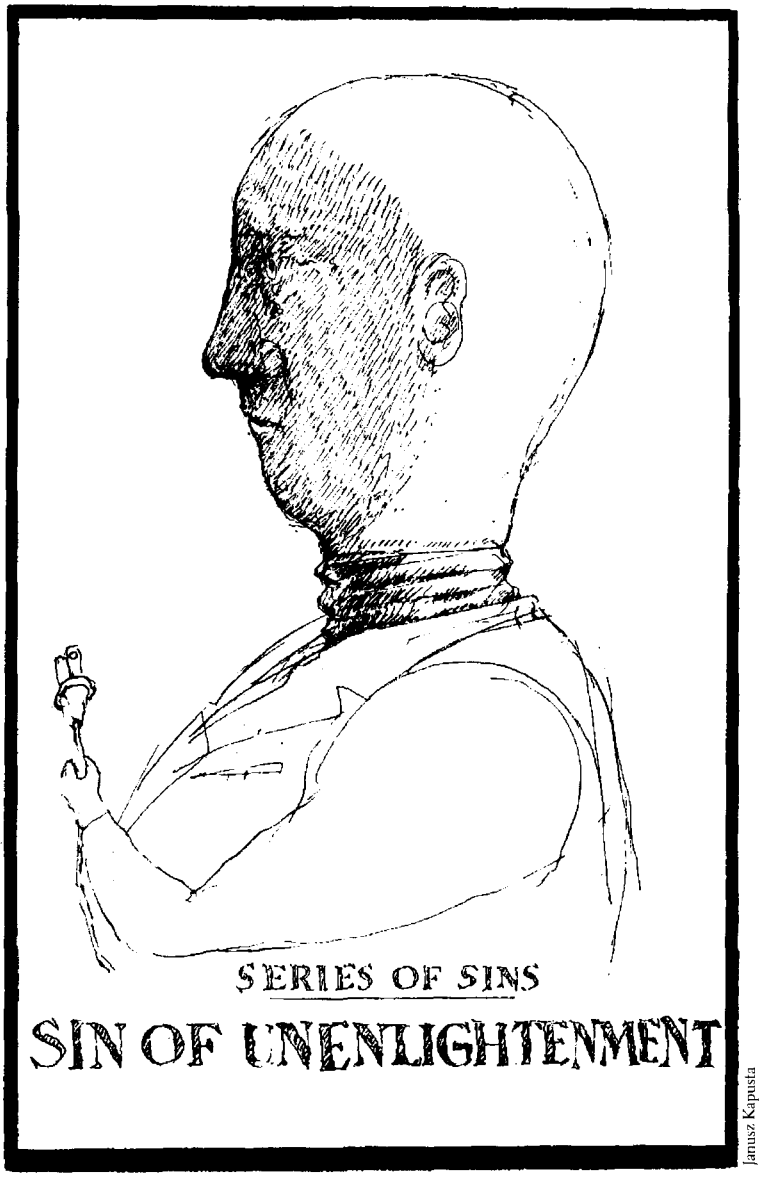
NAFTA also reveals just how the White House breaks down American jobs into good ones and bad ones. Good jobs are created when we increase exports, and bad jobs are those lost to imports. By placing nearly all its emphasis on "opening markets" abroad, Carla Hills is essentially telling American business that it must give up on the largest market in the world right here, go in search of markets overseas, and chance the whims of foreign recessions, future South Africa-like sanctions, and protectionist reactions.

President Bush brags that seven million jobs have been created through exports during his term. But only one million net new jobs have been created in that time—just 29 million jobs short of the 30 million he promised to establish during his hoped-for eight years in office. Exports are nice, but what about the 90 million jobs not dependent on them? The White House admitted that of the 400,000 new jobs it claims will be created because of NAFTA, just 130,000 will be net new jobs.

We lose or gain that many jobs in a single month. It's a modest return for what could be a huge risk. The risk is that NAFTA will cause a job implosion in America in the long-term. Just look at Canada's experience in the wake of its free trade agreement with America. Over a half-million manufacturing jobs lost, with 91 Canadian factories moving to Buffalo in the summer of 1991 alone. Those factories left Canada because wages there are almost two percent higher than they are in America. With Mexicans willing to work for 80 cents to a buck an hour, it doesn't take a Kennedy School economist to project the possibility of more job losses in this country post-NAFTA.

So, aside from spouting alliterative lyrics about how NAFTA establishes a single market from the "Yukon to the Yucatán," is the White House gambling millions of American jobs in an effort to substitute this treaty for lack of both trade and immigration policies? Is it looking for a short-term fix—cheap Mexican labor—to conceal its failure to make Americans more competitive and productive through tax and economic policies?

Of course, the Canadian example cited above does provide a ray of hope for



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America. If we can only become poor enough, maybe some nice, rich sugar daddy like Japan will see the benefit of one day signing a NAFTA-type accord with us.

—John P. Cregan

SPEAKING ENGLISH has become rarer than I thought. When I recently put my 1985 Plymouth *Horizon* up for sale in the classifieds of the *Washington Post* and the *Washington Times*, I wondered how many people would respond to my ad. Little did I know how many calls I'd actually get.

Problem was, I couldn't understand any of the callers, because they were all foreigners. Well, that's an exaggeration. I could understand most of what they said, but you get the picture. Not one American, white or black, came to look at the car. Instead, I got a variety of Hispanics, an Afghan, and an Iranian, this last one being the guy who plunked down 500 bucks for it and told me the car was burning oil. Hooray! The guy understood a combustion engine.

At any rate, when the 1990 Census came out, it wasn't hard to reckon why selling a car in Arlington, Virginia, was akin to selling rugs in a Turkish bazaar. About 13 percent of Arlington County's residents can't speak English well, as the *Washington Post* put it, compared with 2.8 percent ten years ago. A hefty 25 percent of Arlington's residents speak a language other than English at home, with the total for the Northern Virginia suburbs at 17.3 percent.

The Maryland suburbs are no better. In the metro area that includes Prince Georges and Montgomery Counties, among others, 13.5 percent of the residents don't speak English at home. In the District itself, the figure is 12.5 percent. That's a total, reported the *Post*, of some 568,000 people who aren't speaking English at home.

In and of themselves these figures might not seem alarming, until you compare them to the figures ten years ago. In 1980, the percentage of Arlingtonian aliens speaking a foreign language at home was 16 percent. Montgomery County's figure increased from 13.4 percent in 1980 to 21.2 percent. The Census not only tells us Third Worlders like to cluster in and around urban areas such as Washington and New York, but also that many more immigrants are swamping our shores. In Montgomery County, for instance, enrollment in English classes has grown from 10,000 in 1986 to 16,000 now.

But there's more to this than the major irritant of having to speak Vietnamese or Korean to buy cigarettes or gum at the 7-Eleven. The popular myth promulgated by open-border advocates like Ben Wattenberg is that all these immigrants are a blessing. They make lots of money. They improve the economy. They take jobs we Americans think we're too good for.

Where Wattenberg & Co. live is anybody's guess, but it ain't in Arlington. Many of the immigrants I see prowling around the streets look and act like bums and, as soon as they get here, go straight onto the welfare rolls. Mario Escobar arrived here from Guatemala seven years ago, the *Post* reported. When he lost his construction job, his pals, other Guatemalans who no doubt knew how to work the system, told him he could get unemployment compensation. He shops at stores owned by Hispanics. Neither he nor his wife speaks English, although when he buys a shirt he knows to look for an "M," meaning medium. County social workers, subsidized by taxpayers, occasionally provide translation services for Mario. And finally, this—and let's quote directly from the newspaper: "Although they realize that learning English would improve their prospects, they see little hope for improving their lot. Escobar has a fifth-grade education and is barely literate in native Spanish."

Then there's Jose Pena, who came from Bolivia in 1982: "He is proud that he passed his driver's license in English, he said, but his wife still needs his help with the language." Whether Mario and Jose are even citizens the paper didn't say, but they are, the open-borders crowd would argue, "American." It might be impolitic to ask, but don't most "Americans" speak English at home?

Now back to life in Arlington County, which the Vietnamese and Hispanics have turned into a cross between Saigon and Mexico City. On Fridays, I frequently take a cab to work in the city, because those of us who still drink distilled spirits (as opposed to wine coolers) are the only targets of law enforcement the police can stop without probable cause, force to confess, and make the charges stick (unless your name happens to be Rodney King). Not one taxi driver has been an American. Ethiopians, Burundians, Burkina Fasoans, yes. No teeth. No English. No *Americanos*. Not that it should be surprising.

As the *Associated Press* reported a few months ago, "once, the stereotypical New York cabbie was a cigar-chomping, wisecracking hack who was born and raised in the Bronx. Not any more. Today, he may be a Pakistani-born, turban-clad man who's more comfortable speaking Urdu." As New York goes, so goes Arlington. Where's Travis Bickle when you need him?

R. Cort Kirkwood

CANADA'S social engineers got themselves into a box by creating what the Bilingualism and Biculturalism Commission called in 1967 "an equal partnership between the two founding races." Descendants of all other immigrants, who until then had thought of themselves as Canadians, were suddenly excluded from the new definition. To placate them, the engineers declared the country to be multicultural.

In a preview of the 1982 Charter of Rights and Freedoms' fundamental flaw (the multicult label preceded the Charter by ten years), Canadians discovered that to define is to limit. It was no longer enough to announce, as Pierre Trudeau did in 1971, "a policy of multiculturalism within a bilingual framework"; that policy would have to be reinforced. "The government will support and encourage the various cultures and ethnic groups that give structure and vitality to our society," said Trudeau.

To suppose that a culture could not only consist of various cultural and ethnic groups, but that their variety and number could give it structure and vitality, reveals not so much an ignorance of human nature as a determination to change it. To suppose that civil servants closeted in Ottawa could support and encourage anything vital argues a faith in bureaucracy unequalled since the heyday of Beatrice and Sidney Webb. To suppose that a people whose forebears brought civilization to the wilderness could be told and retold that their inherited culture was of no account reveals an underlying aim as mischievous as it is mistaken. Former prime minister John Diefenbaker spoke truly: a Canadian is a Canadian is a Canadian.

We know who we are. Attempts to

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define us are as naive as they are insulting. Nevertheless, it may be useful to consider what we are not. We are not American, nor are we English or French. We are not German or Iranian or Irish or Japanese, and all that is needed to prove this assertion is to visit the countries where those people live. They are different. This is not to say that all Canadians are the same. We are all different, too, because each of us is unique. But our several uniquenesses are overlaid by a common sense of belonging to the land we inhabit. As our forebears shaped it, so did it shape them; so did a Canadian culture evolve.

In that evolution, the land was the first of two seminal elements. The second was the history and traditions of European civilization in general and of British parliamentary government and the Common Law in particular. From Europe we inherited the accumulation of arts and sciences that marked the growth of European civilization from Greek and Roman times through the Renaissance to and beyond the Age of Discovery. From Britain we inherited a style of government that embodied two important principles: that it be elected by a free vote of the people and that both government and people owe allegiance to a constitutional monarch who symbolizes the people's enduring traditions. The legal foundation for those traditions is the Common Law. It consists of laws and judgments that evolved over the centuries into a framework of social order to which everyone, high or low, is subject: everyone is free to do anything, except what the law forbids. Such a style of government requires that people assume responsibility for their own actions, guided by a knowledge both of their inherent rights and of their responsibility to exercise them within the law of the land.

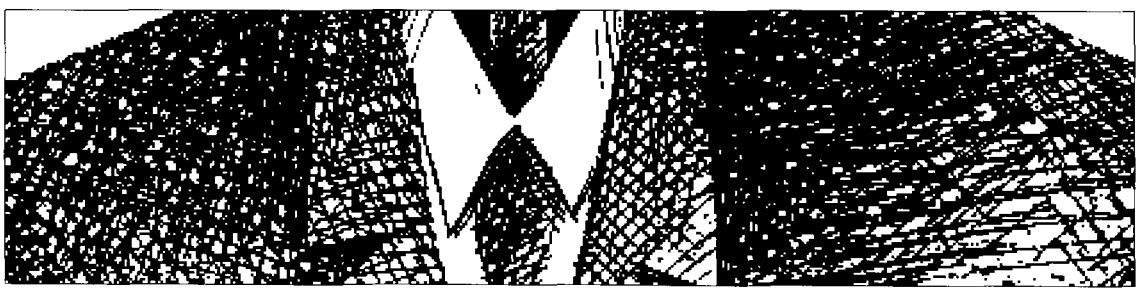
Opposed to that style, however, and also residual from European civilization, is one that does not admit the inherent nature of rights. According to this style, the state assumes the power to confer on its citizens certain rights that it then defines and "guarantees." Commonly known as the French style, this shifts authority from the people to unelected judges who interpret the people's claims to various "rights" the state has conferred and may revoke. When Canada's style of government was changed to the French style in 1982, Canadians witnessed a remarkable event. A revolution was imposed on a free people who were denied a voice in the matter and whose elected representatives had no electoral mandate to impose it.

The history of revolutions tells us two things: first, that they are set in motion by individuals who think, in their pride, that they have all the answers; and second, that after the revolution subsides, after its excesses have yielded to the pressures of time and chance, there occurs a resurgence of the one element that the revolution failed to eradicate—the ethos of the people. That is beginning to happen in Canada.

The Canadian culture that defies definition will continue to evolve, and the synthetic culture the social engineers tried so hard to impose will retreat before the forces of common sense and private feeling.

—*Kenneth McDonald*

LIBERAL ARTS



COMRADE CLINTON

From a story headlined "Comrade Bill" in the August issue of *Il Sabato*, the prestigious Catholic weekly published in Milan, Italy: "Asked the secret of Arkansas' economic 'miracle,' Governor Clinton told an Italian journalist, 'I went to learn in Italy.' . . . Is it perhaps a joke? Or might he have taken a course at Mediobanca or at the Fondazione Agnelli?

"By no means. He went among the Tuscan and Emilian Communists, their workers' associations, their cooperatives, their co-op enterprises. . . . The year is 1987. . . . It appears that Arkansas' economic miracle is derived from here. The perplexed journalist asks again, 'You're not telling me that this is the economic recipe for the U. S.?' 'Absolutely yes,' responds Clinton seriously."

The article goes on to detail Clinton's contacts with members of the Communist and Socialist parties. Communist Stefano Bellaveglia, manager of the workers' associations in Siena, speaks grandly of his "associationism" as it is practiced in Cuba and says his organization already has its congratulatory postcard ready: "Congratulations, Mister President! Do you remember?"

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by Samuel Francis

An Electorate of Sheep

Even the weariest presidential campaign winds somewhere to the sea, and this month, as the ever dwindling number of American voters meanders into the voting booths, the sea is exactly where the political vessels in which the nation sails have wound up. Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.

It is symptomatic of the disease of American democracy that one of the most frequently cited differences between the Republican and Democratic tickets this year consists not in what their respective candidates say they will do in the White House but rather in whom they might appoint to the judicial branch of government. Mr. Clinton has suggested that New York Governor Mario Cuomo would be a good Supreme Court justice, while Mr. Bush has pointed with pride to his record of sending to the bench such paragons of juristic erudition as Clarence Thomas and David Souter. Granted there probably would be a significant difference in how the appointees of the two candidates would vote once they got on the court, but in a healthy representative government, courts ought to exercise so little power that appointments to them should not be political issues at all. Moreover, there ought to be many other and much more obvious differences between the candidates, the parties, and the policies they espouse than either they or their supporters have claimed, and citizens ought not to have to grunt and wheeze painfully in order to grasp them.

In an otherwise brilliant and moving speech to the Republican National Convention last summer, Pat Buchanan endorsed President Bush and offered such reasons as he could think of to support him. But to tell the truth, this was the weakest part of Mr. Buchanan's address; he was obliged to dwell on the President's commendable personal war record of some fifty years ago as opposed to the still mysterious conduct of Mr. Clinton when he was of draft age in the Vietnam era. The contrast in this respect may well indicate an important distinction in character between them, but it's really rather stretching to claim that the two men's performance or nonperformance in two different kinds of wars offers a compelling reason for enthusiastic support of the former fighter pilot.

Then there is the issue of "family values," a phrase that at last begins to evoke merely headaches and nausea. It is quite true that for all the Democrats' efforts to co-opt that slogan, they remain unduly influenced by organized lobbies of homosexuals, abortionists, womanologists, and people like Mr. Clinton's wife who believe strengthening the family consists of facilitating litigation against parents on behalf of their children. Yet despite the fraudulence of the Democrats' adherence to the institution of the family, it is significant that they find it politically expedient to fake such adherence, just as it is equally significant that the Republicans, for the most part, also fake it in a different way. For all the repetition and regurgitation of the slogan "family values" at the GOP convention, only Mr. Buchanan mustered the sort of authentic rhetorical anger and moral conviction that are the appropriate responses to the Democrats' sly exaltation of perversion and their calculated support for the destruction of natural relationships between parent and child.

There are, then, at least superficial differences between the two major political parties and at least personal differences between their leaders, and the persistence of such differences will comfort those Americans who continue to think that the political system today still offers them a real choice. But the truth is that the differences between the parties are far outweighed by their similarities. Both parties are committed to further expansion of the role of the federal state in managing and regulating the economy as well as private social relationships and institutions. Mr. Bush in his own remarks at the convention chose to dwell explicitly and expansively on his accomplishments in supporting the enactment of such measures as the Disabilities Act, the Civil Rights Act of 1991, the Clean Air Act, child care legislation, and hate crimes laws, and he and several other speakers boasted of his "educational choice" bill, which would in reality go far toward establishing federal control of private schools. With respect to the fundamental issue of "Big Government," there is little real difference between the two political parties, and both of them now routinely invoke egalitarian and universalist ideology as the legitimizing conceptual framework for enhanced state power.

Nor is there much difference with respect to foreign policy. Mr. Clinton, if anything, is even more committed an exponent of globalism and the "New World Order" than Mr. Bush. For a few weeks prior to the Republican convention last summer, Mr. Clinton found it expedient to urge U. S. military intervention in the Balkan civil war for what he called "humanitarian reasons," even though virtually all senior military officers and officials were attesting to the dangers and sheer impossibility of effective U. S. involvement, even if someone somewhere could discover a plausible national interest in intervening. It might be thought that, given Mr. Bush's constant belaboring of his own foreign affairs experience and claims to expertise and his apparent good sense in staying out of the Balkans, he would have made Mr. Clinton's amateurish bellicosity a major issue in the campaign. He hasn't, and his silence, like the dog that didn't bark in the Sherlock Holmes story, may suggest a clue. Perhaps Mr. Bush, if reelected, really does plan to intervene in the Balkans himself.

In any case, there is little important difference between the two parties on the major issue of the proper American role in world affairs in the post-Cold War era. Both support continued adaptation of U. S. sovereignty and independence to the fictitious "global economy"; both support the integration of the planet into transnational trade zones that accrue to the benefit of multinational corporations; both support continued high levels of foreign aid and the export of democracy; both support or at least refuse to do anything significant to halt continued cultural and demographic deracination through massive immigration; and both support an expanded role for the United Nations and other supranational organizations in determining, legitimizing, and intervening

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in the policies and practices of independent nations, including those of the United States.

What has occurred in the two major political parties, then, is what the apostles of Cold War containment policies always prophesied would occur between the United States and the Soviet Union: convergence. Each political party seeks to emulate the more successful rhetoric and ideologies of the other, and each knows full well that the real political conflict is not determined so much by serious discussion of political principle and policy as by the manipulation and management of "voter behavior." The trick by which electoral victory is won is not to persuade citizens to support one or another of the two parties so much as it is to hang on tightly to those blocs and clusters that, for reasons of habit and interest, constitute one's electoral base, while mounting media cavalry sorties into the opponent's base with the hope of carrying away some of his maidens to one's own camp, where they will endure a fate worse than death. He who gets the most maidens while keeping his own wins the election.

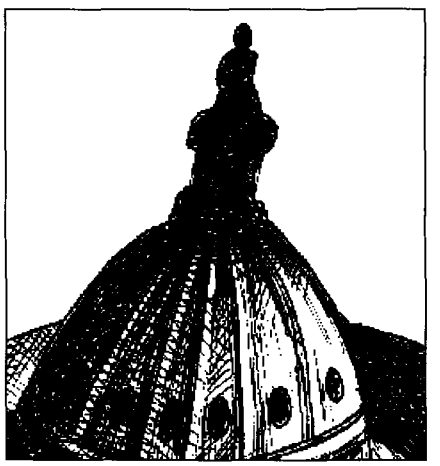
It is all very well to blame the politicians, managers, media wizards, and incumbents who profit from this system, but the truth is that it is the citizens themselves who permit it to flourish and endure. It is a universal characteristic of modern mass organizations that they encourage dependency and passivity, that most of the individuals who are members of these organizations cannot possibly understand or acquire the highly technical skills that enable the organizations to exist and function, and that the role of most of their members is entirely passive and subordinate while power and responsibility are centered in an elite that does understand and perform their technical operations. Lacking any real power or responsibility, the members merely do their jobs and behave as they are told to behave.

This is why you usually receive such terrible service in government offices and larger stores (it's not the clerks' store, and it makes little difference to them whether the customer is satisfied or not), why so few customers complain about it (they are told not to expect courtesy or help because the store is "self-service"), and also why television sitcoms have to play recorded laughter to let the mass audience know when something funny has been said or done (the members of the audience are also passive and will respond to whatever signal is sent to them). In mass politics, the role of "citizenship" is largely confined merely to passive voting for whichever of the two organizational monoliths the citizen has been enticed to support. Comparatively few citizens even do that today, and the number who hand out petitions or work for candidates or run for office themselves is a miniscule part of the population.

The result of this inculcation of passivity is that even populist revolts such as that of the Perot movement last spring and summer cannot survive apart from manipulation and managed leadership. Despite all the enthusiastic support Mr. Perot's phantom candidacy attracted, no sooner had he withdrawn from the race than the whole bubble popped, usually in tears and whining at the "cowardice" and "betrayal" of the leader, and the only question asked of his followers, the only question they seem to have asked themselves, was which of the other two candidates would they support. It never occurred to any of them to assert active leadership of the movement themselves and fill the void that the Texas billionaire had pretended to create.

Indeed, the inculcation of passivity by the managerial system and its elite is an essential foundation of its power, not only on the political level but also on the social, economic, and cultural levels as well. The entire structure of the system depends upon manipulating its members into believing (or not challenging the assumption) that they are not capable of performing the simple social functions that every human society in history has performed as a matter of routine. It is the constant instruction of the propagandists of the system that we are not capable of educating our own children, taking care of them without brutalizing them, providing for our own health or old age, enforcing our own laws, defending our own homes and neighborhoods, or earning our own livings. We are not capable of thinking our own thoughts without ubiquitous and self-appointed pundits to explain to us what we see and hear, nor of forming our own tastes and opinions without advice from experts, nor even of deciding when to laugh when we watch television.

What is really amazing about American society today is not that there is so much violence and resistance to authority but that there is so little, that there is not or has not long since been a full-scale violent revolution in the country against the domination and exploitation of the mass of the population by its rulers. A people that once shot government officials because they taxed tea and stamps now receives the intrusions of the Internal Revenue Service politely; a society that once declared its independence on the grounds of states' rights now passively tolerates federal judges and civil servants who redraw the lines of electoral districts, decide where small children will go to school, let hardened criminals out of jail without punishment, and overturn local laws that are popularly passed and have long been enforced.



Is it any wonder that the two political parties and all their repulsive leaders, managers, speechwriters, image-makers, officials, fundraisers, vote-catchers, and candidates are frauds that are less convincing than street-corner card sharks? Why shouldn't they be frauds? Who is there to expose their racket and hold them to account? "If God did not want them sheared," says the bandit leader in the movie *The Magnificent Seven* about the Mexican peasants he is robbing and killing, "he would not have made them sheep." The peasants in the movie prove they aren't sheep not by hiring the seven gunfighters to protect them but by finally taking up arms themselves. Sheep don't fight back; they wait for others to fight for them. If there remain today any Americans who are not sheep, they'll stop trying to hire phony populist gunfighters to save them from the wolfish bandits who run the country, and in the next four years they'll start learning how to shoot for themselves.

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Igor Kopelnitsky

Voting Behind the Veil of Ignorance

by Thomas Fleming

Every four years our political intellectuals kick off the presidential campaign season by putting forward proposals to reform the system by which Americans choose their leaders. The will of the people has been frustrated by all this elaborate machinery of voter registration, party primaries, and media hype, so they say, and those few who have some dim recollection of American history can point to the occasions on which a President's election was clouded by doubt: John Quincy Adams, whose victory over Andrew Jackson was engineered by Henry Clay in the House of Representatives; Rutherford B. Hayes, who only secured election by cutting certain deals, most notoriously with the Wade Hampton forces in South Carolina. Most recent and most hushed-up is the dubious election of John F. Kennedy, whose victory depended upon the key states of Illinois and Texas, delivered to him on a platter by the masters of machine politics, Richard Daley and Lyndon Johnson. A less patriotic man than Mr. Nixon might have plunged the United States into civil strife by protesting the results—Julius Caesar staged a *coup d'état* with less justification.

But the case that is most often brought up as an indictment of the system is the relatively benign example of Benjamin Harrison, who lost the popular vote but won the electoral vote by a narrow margin. This proves, we are told in civics classes and on CNN talk shows, the essential unfairness of the electoral college. The principles of true democracy are trivialized and even contraverted by this outmoded constitutional impediment to the will of the people as expressed by the majority.

The grand illusion of modern times is that there are technical solutions to moral and political problems. If only we could find some device, some new system, we could escape the trammels of sin, ignorance, and sloth. The framers did their best to design a process of installing an honorable and independent man as the nation's chief executive, but their method was redesigned by the party fixers and managers who always rise to the top in a system with pretensions to democracy.

As the system works today, voters are allowed to choose a slate of statewide presidential electors and that slate winning a majority, no matter how slim, will command the entire electoral strength of the state. If 51 percent of California's voters who happen to turn out in November pick Mr. Clinton, then the votes of the other 49 percent will, perforce, be thrown into the balance, and Clinton will receive all of California's electoral votes.

This general ticket system is not prescribed by the Constitution, which says only (Article II, Section I) that:

> Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of Electors, equal to the whole Number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress.

The 12th Amendment, drawn up to reform the selection of the Vice-President, does not materially alter this process.

The framers did not regard their handiwork as the inspired creation of demigods but as a jury-rigged device patched together to meet the objections that had been raised to every other method of selection. Selection by the Congress, it was argued, would make the President a creature of the Congress,

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and term-limitation—which might in principle render his office more independent—might also deprive the nation of a valuable leader. They also feared that congressional appointment might lead to consolidation of national power at the expense of the states.

Selection by the state legislatures would obviate this danger, but it would also reduce the chief executive to a creature of the states. Direct popular election was clearly impossible, if only because the size of the country made it impossible for the average man to form an idea of a candidate's capacities. In George Mason's memorable line, "It would be as unnatural to refer the choice of a proper character for chief Magistrate to the people as it would to refer a trial of colours to a blind man." In any system, it was feared, local patriotism would predominate, and each of the 13 states would select a native son.

The system ultimately adopted seemed to answer all the objections. Electors, chosen for the nonce could have little enduring influence over the political processes of the nation. The integrity of the states was preserved in two ways. In the first place, the mode of choosing electors was left up to the states, and in the second, electoral strength was based not only on population—as was the case in the House of Representatives—but even the smallest states were guaranteed the two extra votes based on their representation in the Senate. As a result, the electoral college represents, as Forrest McDonald observes, neither the people nor the states but the people in the states.

If a candidate failed to gain a majority of electors, the choice would be handed over to the House of Representatives. In the days before organized political parties, it was assumed that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to reach the needed majority consensus, and Col. Mason predicted that the choice would be left up to the Congress "19 out of 20 times."

In the debates that followed the Philadelphia Convention, the electoral college received broad, if lukewarm, acceptance. Hamilton noted (*Federalist* No. 68) that it was the only aspect of the Constitution that had "escaped without severe censure." Hamilton praised this method of indirect election as less likely to lead to the tumult and disorder that would arise during a popular contest at the national level. He thought that while "talents for low intrigue, the little arts of popularity, may alone suffice to elevate a man to first honors in a single state," only "characters preeminent for ability and virtue" would win the widespread support of electors in the various states.

Lord Bryce notes the complacency of the framers toward the electoral college, which, nonetheless, "utterly belied their expectations." Bryce makes the shrewd observation that despite her best efforts America "reproduced the English system of executive government by a party majority" but in a more extreme form, because at least in England the titular head "stands in isolated dignity outside party politics."

The framers' most serious mistake lay in their apparent desire to elevate the presidency above the political arena. The electors were not to be important public officials, with their own agenda and commitments, but somewhat ordinary men chosen out of the community for the occasion. There was no stipulation on how the states might go about making their selection. Among the bewildering variety of methods that were adopted, three general types were prominent: in many cases state legislatures were given the job, and in South Carolina this method lasted down to 1868; on some occasions a state was divided into districts, each of which had a vote; but the method that eventually triumphed—over the objections of virtually every honest politician who reflected on the process—was the general ticket system in use today.

The pivotal year for the emergence of the general ticket method as a near-universal norm (as Lucius Wilmerding notes) was 1836. The same year marked the elevation of master pol Martin Van Buren to the presidency. More than anyone, perhaps, Van Buren deserves the credit for creating the modern American party system, by which I do not mean the shifting factional alliances of the first three or four decades of our history, but the disciplined machinery that commands loyalties without convictions and can be relied upon to manufacture a substantial vote for any candidate, no matter how improbable, so long as he receives the party's endorsement.

The discussion of the election of senators sometimes took the form of a debate between (successful) advocates of states' rights and the partisans of centralized authority, and Sherman argued—quite correctly—that direct election of senators was tantamount to the annihilation of state governments.

Van Buren was the nemesis of John C. Calhoun, who looked with undisguised horror on the development of the Democratic Party. In 1842, in his magisterial speech on the veto power, Calhoun had defended the office of the President against Henry Clay's proposal to reduce the override vote from two thirds to a simple majority. His argument rested on the peculiar federal arrangements that made the President the representative of both the states and the people. He concluded with a warning against the demagogic notion of a popular mandate for radical change. The limitation on the veto power was, he said, a symptom of a "fatal tendency" toward substituting majority rule for the Constitution. The election of General Harrison had been used as a pretext for "forcing through a whole system of measures of the most threatening and alarming character . . . on the ground that they were all decided in the election . . . thus attempting to substitute the will of the majority of the people in the choice of a Chief Magistrate, as the legislative authority of the Union, in lieu of the beautiful and profound system established by the Constitution."

In 1846 Calhoun wrote an open letter on "the mode of appointing electors" in response to a proposal to convert South Carolina to the general ticket system. It is worthwhile considering Calhoun's remarks for two reasons: first, because he handily demolishes all the best arguments now employed against the electoral college; and second, because he anticipated the rise of the vicious political system that has given us 150 years of increasingly corrupt and ineffectual leadership

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in the White House.

The proponents of popular election of electors (in particular, of the general ticket) insisted that since "all power belongs to the people. . . they should exercise it directly without the intervention of any intermediate agency. . . ." But, argued Calhoun, the real effect of the proposed change "so far from giving the power to the people . . . would be the most effectual way that could be devised of . . . transferring it to party managers and cliques."

The cornerstone of Calhoun's objection was his observation that "where many are to select many, especially over a large extent of country, it does not, in fact, constitute an election but a mere delusion, undeserving the name." It is impossible, he said, "for the great body of voters to be guided by their individual knowledge in selecting the candidates, either from personal acquaintance or reputation."

Calhoun, in making this argument, hearkens back to Hamilton's objection to a national popularity contest, and he concluded that where the result of such voting was not mere accident it would be due to cabal:

> A few prominent and influential individuals would enter into a secret concert to control the election. . . . The next [step] would be for others to enter into like concert to defeat them; and finally there would grow out of this state of things two parties, with all the usual party machinery of caucus, conventions, cliques, and managers to control the election. The whole would be put into active operation every four years, on the approach of the presidential election, and each party would make out a full ticket by what would be called a state convention, and every voter, whether he approve of it or not, would have to vote for one or the other, or to throw away his vote on a ticket formed without concert.

Calhoun's final objection derived from his theory of concurrent majorities. South Carolina had labored to produce a constitution that could reconcile the conflict between the state's major sections. While a mere numerical majority could oppress a weaker section, South Carolina had arrived at a means of fairly representing the various interests of the state, to the prejudice of none, and it was this method—as represented by the state legislature—that should be used in selecting presidential electors.

The party system, in Calhoun's view, was in the process of replacing the Constitution, and the principal devices were the general ticket, which gave the state party machines the ability to deliver all the state's electoral votes and the lavish system of executive patronage that rewarded the state machines. "The Presidential election is no longer a struggle for great principles," he told the Senate in 1846, "but only a great struggle as to who shall have the spoils of office. Look at the machinery. A convention nominates the President—in which, not infrequently, many of the representatives of the States join in a general understanding to divide the offices amongst themselves and their friends. . . . as soon as the Government becomes the mere creature of seekers of office, your free institutions are at an end."

Even if the framers had been able to anticipate the rise of the party system, it is not at all clear that they could have bound the states to a uniform method of choosing electors. In the debate over electoral qualifications in the election of representatives to the House, John Dickinson and Gouverneur Morris argued convincingly that the franchise should be restricted to freeholders, and, among the objections made by Franklin and John Rutledge, the most telling was: "The right of suffrage was a tender point, and strongly guarded by the state constitutions. . . . The states are the best judges of the circumstances and temper of their own people."

It was up to the states, then, to determine the qualifications for electors—both presidential and congressional. No constitutional institution so embodied the confederal principle as the Senate, whose members represented the states not according to size or population but as equal constituents of the union. To make this point even more graphic, the senators were to be elected not directly by the people but by the state legislatures. The discussion of the election of senators sometimes took the form of a debate between (successful) advocates of states' rights and the partisans of centralized authority, and Sherman argued—quite correctly—that direct election of senators was tantamount to the annihilation of state governments.

However, the overriding concern—as expressed by John Dickinson in particular—was the quality of the men who would sit in the American House of Lords, and the authors of the *Federalist* dilate on the advantages to be derived from a "temperate and respectable body of citizens" who might "check the misguided career" of popular passions. This council of wise and substantial gentlemen could not be elected directly by people who would have no real knowledge of the candidates' characters, and the choice was left to an intermediate body, elected by the people who knew them and who in turn could be expected to know the most eminent men in the state.

The framers' concern with the character of the nation's highest governors made them reluctant to trust the general populace, not so much because the generality of people are stupid and unlettered—although that seems to have been the opinion of the South Carolinians—as because the vast extent of the individual states and the even vaster extent of the entire union precluded the possibility of the voters having any face-to-face contact with the men who would hold the offices of President, senator, and Supreme Court Justice.

The size of the overgrown infant republic was a matter of concern to many thoughtful Americans of the time. They remembered Montesquieu's injunction that republican government could only work in small nations, smaller even than the larger states of the union. Hamilton, addressing this point in *Federalist* No. 9, points out that Montesquieu himself had offered confederalism as the solution to the problem of size and insists upon the truly federal nature of the proposed Constitution: "The proposed Constitution, so far from implying an abolition of the State governments, makes them constituent parts of the national sovereignty, by allowing them a direct representation in the Senate, and leaves them in their possession certain exclusive and very important portions of sovereign power." This is the archcentralist, Hamilton, talking even before the passage of the 10th Amendment!

The question of size was not invented by Montesquieu; it goes back to discussions of ancient philosophers reflecting upon the experiences of Greek city-states. The most systematic analysis is provided by Aristotle in the seventh book of the *Politics*, where he argues that it is not mere size but "dy-

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namis"—efficacy or quality—that makes a polis great, and this depends not on the number of men but on the number of solid citizens. How strong was a large state, if it were filled with aliens, slaves, and base men pursuing nothing but their own private gain? A certain size was necessary, if a city was going to be able to provide for its own necessities, but if it were too large, the citizens would not be able to assign political offices on the basis of an individual's merit, because they would not have direct knowledge of his character. In large communities, he warned, even aliens will usurp the rights of citizens.

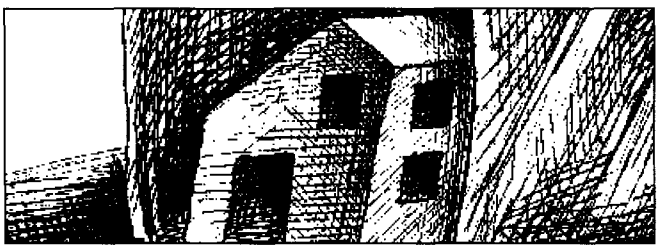
Our concept of the political has been molded all too well by Aristotle, who took it for granted that the members of a political community did, or at least could, know each other. As Peter Laslett observes, "the whole of Greek political thought was conditioned by the fact that the polis was a political society which was also a face-to-face society." A modern state, he argues, is by contrast a "territorial society," which—if it is to reach collective decisions—"must discover from within itself . . . a group of critical size which can act, and act continuously, as a face-to-face society: which is capable, that is, of proceeding by means of conversation between its members, permitting mutual response in terms of the whole personalities of those who compose it."

The House of Commons, the Royal Family, the U. S. Senate, and until recently the Supreme Soviet, are all examples of face-to-face societies that are able to make collective determinations that, in principle, represent the will of millions of people. Laslett is aware that such representation has worked best when it was personal and religious, citing "the sacramental character of Medieval European Kingship," and he concedes that a mystical notion of the body politic is more difficult to sustain in "the so-called rational political organization of the contemporary world."

Laslett, if I am reading him correctly, sought the answer to his dilemma in political psychology, but the problem of modern states is not simply that we, as citizens, do not necessarily identify very strongly with those little cliques that lay down the law as that to do so would be a very serious mistake. It is not psychological alienation that is the problem but political alienation. To return to the example of American politics, no one, for all practical purposes, knows either the President or his senators; very few of us have even shaken hands with our congressman, and yet we are regularly called upon to choose from column A or column B the set of Tweedledums or Tweedledees that collectively hold something like absolute power over our lives. What little personal liberty we have left is the result of competing jurisdictions. Is this, I often wonder, why we so often elect a Republican President and a Democratic Congress? If the jackals are kept busy fighting each other, perhaps they will not be able to devour the entire corpse of the Constitution.

We are, most of us, laboring under a fundamental delusion about the nature of the system set up by the Founders of the republic. The Constitution was not designed to set up a regime of majority rule that empowered the people collectively to rule the nation. On the contrary, the fundamental point was to allow states, communities, businesses, families, and individuals to pursue their interests without interference—benign or malevolent—from higher powers pretending to know what is best for us. The great safeguard in this system was the division of powers, not just between the branches of the federal government but between the states and the nation. All of the outmoded or superseded eccentricities of the Constitution were designed with this object in mind.

But of equal importance was the Constitution's provision for a series of face-to-face societies that would serve as buffers between the small-scale communities of family and village and the resplendent power of central government. Before the Civil War, it was no trouble for a politically minded farmer or shopkeeper to know his congressmen, his state legislators, and the gentlemen who wished to be presidential electors. By reputation, he knew which had been honest in their profession, honorable in their private life, attentive to their legislative duties. In small American towns, we still can form a fair idea of the qualities of the aldermen and school board members—not that it does us much good, since regulators and judges can overturn any decision made by local government—and I am continually being surprised by how much political dirt the Rockford natives seem to know, although little of it is ever reported in the newspapers.



But the tide of progressive reform throughout this century has been, to repeat Calhoun's warning, to "substitute the will of the majority" for "the beautiful and profound system established by the Constitution." The 17th Amendment (passed in 1913) established the popular election of senators; the federal courts have stripped the states of their right to apportion their legislatures on any basis but numbers, thus tossing overboard the rural ballast in the farm states and making them the prey of government contractors, urban degenerates, and courthouse politicians. The final symbolic step will be the elimination of the electoral college, whose spectral existence depends entirely on its usefulness to the corrupt Democrato-Republican party.

The task is probably impossible, but it is worth considering what steps we could take that would regress us to something like the constitutional order established by our ancestors. The simplest measures would include: repeal of the 17th Amendment; elimination, state by state, of the general ticket; smaller and more numerous congressional districts based on real communities as opposed to the gerrymandered amoebas concocted by the parties; and reapportionment of the state legislatures to represent, in a fair and balanced manner, the diversity of interests and communities that exist in the states.

Although they hardly go far enough, these would be productive steps toward restoration of republican government, but when I brought them up recently to a well-informed conservative, he dismissed them as too radical and unnecessary. If indirect elections were designed to insure that important political choices were being made by an informed electorate, we have newspapers and "that thing," he said, pointing to the combination television and VCR.

Here in a nutshell is the problem, the confusion between real knowledge and the various knowledge-substitutes—usually

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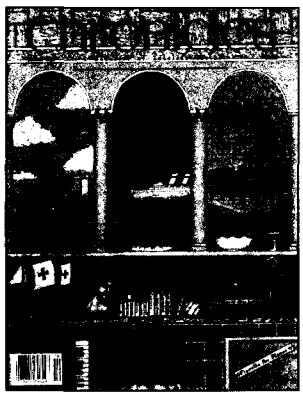
called information or news—that are the basis on which our informed electorate makes its decisions. Set aside the obvious objection that most people are not reading the *New York Times* or watching C-Span but are getting most of their information from Gannet papers that read like newspapers put out by special-ed students or from the network news-entertainment shows that air during the breakfast and dinner hours. Suppose they read the *Times* or even a real newspaper from London, Frankfurt, or Zurich, unless the reader already has some experience of politics and a coherent world view, he is simply getting an information-massage designed to produce "opinions" without substance. Newspapers are like poetry in translation or—worse—literary criticism. They are conversations about things that a small group of men has decided are important, and the difference between political reality and "news" is the difference between a honeymoon and the dirty jokes told by the best man once the couple has left the reception.

If, as it is said, the political is always personal, then the only citizens in a republic are those who have some say in making decisions that affect their lives. In a negative sense, political liberty consists of all the restrictions on what government may do to us, but in a positive sense our civil liberties are concerned with our ability to make real choices based on direct knowledge and personal experience. I am not "empowered" (to use the cant term) by a government that gives me the right to vote for politicians who create agencies that intrude into my neighbor's business, because my power consists in my ability to act creatively and productively within my own sphere, my household and my shop and my neighborhood.

It is possible to reduce much of what I am saying to a simple and clear principle. The larger the extent of a republic, the broader the jurisdiction of a sovereign, then the more intermediate agencies must there be to insure face-to-face contact between electors and officeholders. The federal principle, of rather limited importance in a tribal village or a city-state, must be elaborated to the *n*th degree, as states outgrow the narrow boundaries of neighborhood and province. In a republic, one should never have to vote for any candidate one has not met. As it is, we go into the voting booth and with our eyes closed we try to pin the tail on the donkey or the elephant.

If fewer and fewer Americans are exercising their franchise, it is partly because they realize that their votes will change nothing, but the nonvoters may also be wise enough to know, like Socrates, what they do not know, namely politics and politicians. A picture gallery, says Shaw, is a dull place for a blind man, and many American citizens who follow national elections are learning to rely more on their sense of smell. c



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Graceland

by Jim Henley

Four Irishmen sat atop a cutbank
in Memphis, above the Interstate
that bordered the Mississippi. Cars,
trucks, the occasional bus,
headlights acknowledging the winter dusk,
thumped rush hour syncopation

across a steel plate. A lighted barge
forged the winter-thick river,
sharding mirrored twilight and the lights
from a downtown bridge. Smoke from a plant
in Arkansas almost blended
with the ragged nimbus (a New York

memory: smoke signals—their source a man
tossing on a grate, his humid bedding
punctuating the flow of steam).
"Daughter of Waters, really," one said.
"All the streams of America
give birth to her." "G'wan," the others jeered,

but they knew what he meant: "This is the world."
He pulled a cigarette from his hat.
The dark prairie somewhere west
could hold all Europe. You could unroll
the knot that is Ireland and sink
it the length of the river, string

it right past Memphis here. The man in the hat
tobogganed down the dead grass on his butt
to the shoulder of the Interstate.
Seabirds had wandered this far north
to peck at things of interest
along the median strip.

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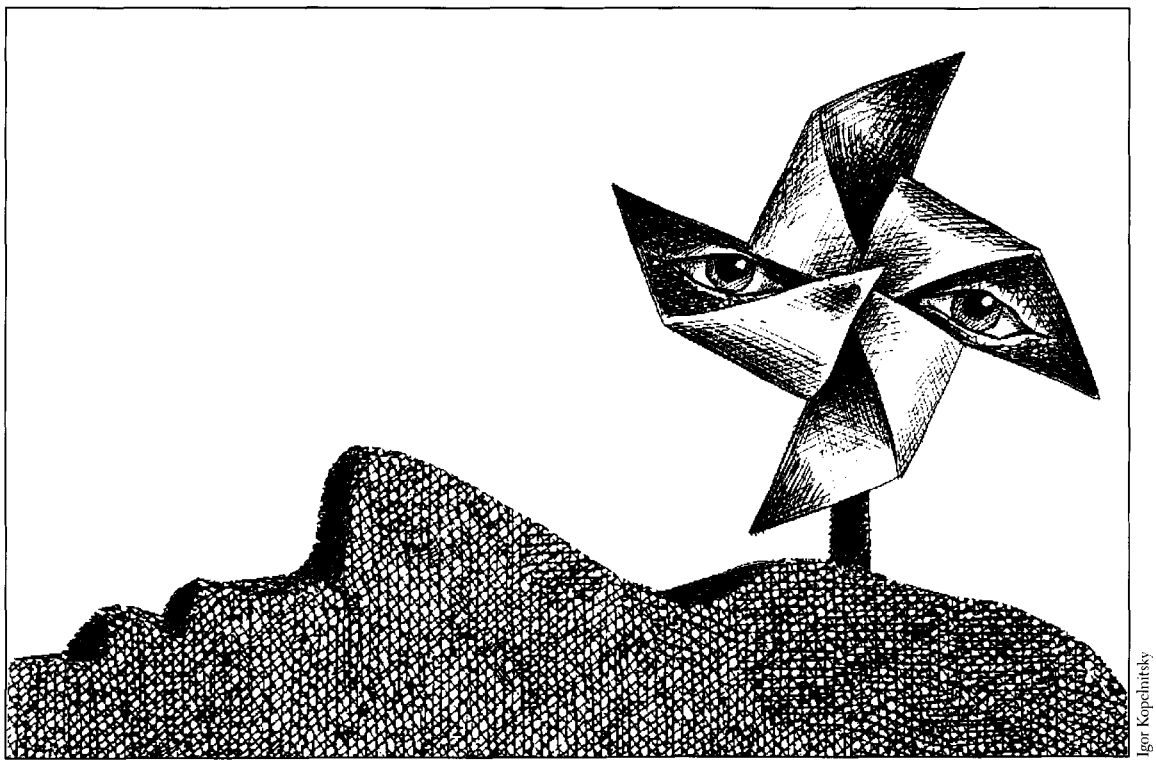
The Revolt of the Nonvoter

by Donald Warren



Igor Kopelnitsky

On November 3, 1992, the most surprising news will not be who has won the presidential election, but whether a majority of the 186 million Americans eligible to do so will have voted. The salient question today is whether a moiety promises to become a majority. Four years ago they barely missed the honor: 49.84 percent were nonvoters, with some 91 million forming their ranks. Then as now, the mass media will have failed to report the biggest scoop of recent presidential campaigns: the empty voting booth.

Thus far, this election year has been most remarkable for the citizen boycott of the lengthy and extravagant sideshow known as the presidential primaries. Case in point: New York state, where Bill Clinton attracted less than three percent of eligible voters; the supposedly crucial contests of last spring in Illinois, Michigan, and then California that enticed less than one in six to cast a vote for candidates Bush, Buchanan, Brown, Clinton, or Tsongas. All told, across 27 states, voting levels declined from 24 percent in 1988 to just above 15 percent this year.

The groundswell of apparent disinterest and disdain for the election process, already evident with the election of John F. Kennedy in 1960 (when 62.8 percent of the electorate participated), has increased steadily over the seven subsequent presidential elections. In the last presidential contest, while 5.2 million persons were added to the ranks of voters since 1984, 9.2 million chose the ranks of nonvoters. Between 1968 and 1988, the group choosing not to vote in presidential elections more than doubled, increasing by over 44 million persons; in the same period, voters increased by only 19 million. Our nation's most recent presidential contest between George Bush and Michael Dukakis was particularly memorable for the fact that it resulted in an event not seen in this century: a *decline in the absolute number of voters* compared to the previous quadri-annual campaign. This uninspired pairing lured 81 million persons to the voting booth compared to 83 million in the Reagan-Mondale match-up. This, despite the fact that the number of *potential* members of the electorate increased during the four-year interval by eight million!

Yet the major parties continue to focus on conversion, rather than recruitment. "Getting the vote out" is, of course, a noble sentiment in theory, but one which in practice means persuading supporters of the other side to switch. For Democrats, this has traditionally meant those at the bottom of the social structure, and for Republicans the call rests on an identification with the prospects of upward social mobility regardless of one's present station in life. Still, it seems evident that neither major party wishes to foster or endorse a revolt of

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the deeply disaffected or alienated majority found among the ranks of the nonvoters. While seeking the restoration of "middle class" allegiance to their party, Democrats do not wish to expend their resources on the recruitment of the apathetic or disaffected, but simply on those whose past allegiance and present discontent with the incumbent will encourage them to jump ship. Republicans, likewise, who have relied heavily upon the independent voter and the renegade Democrat, must now attempt to preserve the loyalty of these most doubtful battalions.

Clearly, despite lip service to the contrary, nonvoters are a remarkably neglected "interest group" seen by the two major political parties (and even by those measuring the political pulse of the nation) as too costly to reach or even track. With a handful of academic exceptions, these millions remain an enigma refusing to be confined to the neat tabular boxes of pollsters, nor even entered into the mathematical equations and intuitive prognostications that fill the pages and soundbites of the mass media. Far from being apathetic or indifferent, their disengagement from the process and institutions of American politics provides both a window and a mirror by which we can peer beyond the ritual of conformity (which for many is the essence of voting) and examine what is perhaps a more genuine expression of the often invoked "will of the majority."

Who are these nonvoters? They are depicted in the mass media with the broad brushstrokes of social rejectionism and ill-repute usually reserved for a despised ethnic group. The readily conjured images include that of anti-establishment youth yearning for a 1960's style rebellion (actually, indifference fits the reality more accurately); urban minorities and the poor denied access to the voting booth by restrictive registration rules (in fact, registration and voting has risen for minorities); or the politically illiterate *Boobicus Americanus* of a Mencken-like cultural mediocrity. In reality, with each passing election, nonvoters are increasingly composed of white, middle-aged, and middle-income persons who have an increasing likelihood of having a college education.

In the last three presidential elections, nonvoters age 18 to 24 have outnumbered voters by a ratio of two to one. A major explanation, certainly not a startling one, is that young adults have a remarkably low commitment to civic culture and are particularly unlikely to be voters when they lack college education. For this portion of the nonvoting population, however, it is not revolution and rebellion that is central, but their own lifestyle of detachment from the polity and preoccupation with consumerism that explains their membership in the nonvoting interest (or "disinterest") group.

Political theorists and researchers have not quite decided whether the remarkably low turnout rates in America compared to those in Canada or Western Europe are reason for celebration or alarm. Strong advocates are to be found on both sides of the question. There is even a school of thought in political science which suggests that it does not really matter, as voters and nonvoters tend to have quite similar ideological and candidate preferences. And, more intriguingly, some in the groves of the academy are debating which is more rational: voting or nonvoting.

It would appear to be a virtual truism of common sense, if not of political theory, that the quality of voters determines the strength of a democratic society. But, in fact, this issue is also a controversial one among political scientists. It turns out that measuring a person's knowledge of politics and issues is far from a simple task. Merely asking people the names of officeholders from the President to the Secretary of State does not indicate how well a person can evaluate policy issues. Flawed as it might be, the simplest measure of "political sophistication" is the level of formal education.

Those who are disturbed by the lack of a clear social superiority among voters versus nonvoters ascribe such developments to the decline in the quality of candidates and the numbing triviality of current political debate. Lest such a view be deemed "elitist," one should bear in mind that from one-quarter to one-third of all voters in primaries and presidential elections make up their minds within the last few days of any campaign.

There are two interest groups that are quite delighted with the findings that voters and nonvoters are looking increasingly alike: political operatives and pollsters. As to the first group, their professional instincts do not dictate the conversion of new voters—either first time youth or those who are habitual nonvoters—yet both types of individuals are unlikely to be recruited in even the most intense and exciting political campaigns. Instead, the efforts of the political pros are directed at the "swing vote"—what one commentator called the "intense battle for the middle." Simply put, it is far more efficient to gain a supporter who simultaneously is lost to the opposition than it is for either side to swell their ranks.

Pollsters view the growing similarity between voters and nonvoters as a self-serving rationalization based on professional aggrandizement. Over the past several decades both the cost and efficiency of survey research regarding all topics, but certainly political preferences and attitudes in particular, have suffered from "methodological" problems. The very saturation of the public by commercial and "scientific" surveys has led to a kind of "revolt of the respondent": in larger numbers people are refusing to be interviewed or are lying to pollsters.

It is membership in a community and a sense of belonging (especially to local neighborhood and family structures) that is now seen as critical to who does or does not vote. Empirical studies suggest several definitive measures of individual attachment, rather than the hypothetical abstractions such as "sense of community" or "civic culture" that many political theorists cite as essential to political involvement.

In the 1950's and 1960's, academic surveys could be readily assured of 65 to 85 percent cooperation in any sampling effort. Now, with the declining trust Americans manifest in all bureaucratic structures, response rates of 45 to 55 percent are

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the best that can be achieved. Commercial exploitation of the term "research" no doubt adds to the general climate in which people have increasingly resisted being accomplices in what are perceived as the manipulative efforts of "superpollsters"—Harris, Gallup, etc. There are a variety of explanations for this, ranging from a greater reliance on telephone versus in-person interviews, the need to probe attitudes more carefully, to the discovery of inherent biases in the survey interview itself, all of which have lowered the credibility of such undertakings. The presumption that nonvoters are virtual twins of their voting counterparts strengthens the presumed validity of surveys that rely on "likely voters," such as telephone surveys and smaller-scale samplings that reduce costs.

Within the limited confines of our discussion, we cannot fully assay the welter of empirical studies of voting "behavior," but merely allude to some of the *implications* that the increase in nonvoting has generated. In the main, the alarm over turnout decline centers on two arguments. First, that informed, motivated, and concerned citizens find the state of the political system such that participation in it is futile; the electorate is not at fault, the system is. A second argument is that the quality of voters has declined relative to the quality of nonvoters. Granted the former view of "dropouts" from a failed political system, this development is seen as a danger, since worthy citizens abdicate their positions to an equal mass of unworthy citizens. For example, many voters who enter election campaigns at the last moment are lacking in basic knowledge (are "unsophisticated"—a large majority cannot identify the Secretary of State or does not know whether England is a monarchy or a democracy), and thus respond readily to the glitzy manipulative ads and media-created images of candidates rather than forming thoughtful evaluations based on careful examination of facts and policy positions.

To blame the electorate for the quality of political candidates or campaigns is to suggest that historically higher levels of voting reflected more than the role of urban party machines that, by honest and dishonest means, "delivered" votes. One might reasonably assert that the higher expectations of the contemporary era call for more thoughtful and discriminating actions on the part of voters, which in turn imply a higher level of independence from party control. In fact, these are the trends precisely in evidence over the past three decades.

A major explanation for the decline in voting and the subsequent rise in nonvoting is the failure of either the Democratic or the Republican parties to sustain the kind of intergenerational loyalty that characterized so much of earlier American political culture. Since the first election of Dwight Eisenhower in 1952, the past four decades have witnessed a growing number of persons eschewing a singular or consistent partisan identity. If party allegiance is seen as the focal dynamic of American politics, then it follows that the growing number of voters who may temporarily float and then shift to the other party become the group that provides the object of election campaigns and, perforce, the "vital center" of U. S. democracy. What is posited as the pattern of shift involves "disengagement" (meaning a lowered voting level) followed by attachment to the new party, which is known as "realignment." Accordingly, in 1968, many Democrats sat out that year's election; there were 12 million less Democratic voters compared to 1964. In the intervening 24 years, the Democrats have failed to regain the lost voters.

A rationale for continued party allegiance is that society demands—even more than intelligent participation—social order. In this view, voting is a social ritual that symbolizes the individual's membership and entitlement in the social arrangements, including those services and markets that form the essential elements of a viable society. Nonvoting in this view is discouraged but tacitly accepted as the price of a stable, middle-of-the-road existence.

Any discussion of nonvoting would be hopelessly muddled if some sharp differentiation were not made between persons who consciously choose not to select a candidate among those available because of the particulars of policy, personality, or power that the act of voting may entail and those persons who are indifferent to the political system by virtue of their lifestyle or lack of civic commitment. We shall use the terms "principled abstainers" for the former and "apathetics" for the latter.

By "principled," we adopt the aphorism provided us by Lord Acton: "A principle is a rule of inaction giving valid reason for not doing in a specific instance, what to unprincipled instinct, would seem to be right." Accordingly, to act without careful forethought is not the epitome of citizenship, especially when choosing not to act may be a more meaningful event in terms of the health of the body politic. Following this definition, many voters are acting out of knee-jerk partisanship, last-minute "selling" by the mass media, or simply the social conformity that calls for voting as a response to bandwagon fashion-consciousness.

In the political science literature on voter turnout, "apathy" and "principled abstention" are frequently intertwined. Thus, one researcher on "Apathy in America," writes that "from 1964 to 1984, Americans who were both apathetic and convinced they had little or no clout in the political process abstained from voting." Subsequent to this assertion, the author recognizes that he is dealing with two differing phenomena: "the numbers of both the indifferent and the politically inefficacious swelled after 1964."

Yet, the most extensive effort to identify and describe nonvoting in more than quantitative terms is Arthur Hadley's *The Empty Polling Booth*, focusing upon the 1976 presidential election. In speaking of "positive apathetics," Hadley says their demographics match voters while their attitudes differ, that they are nevertheless "as happy as voters." Hadley concludes that such nonvoters feel more politically powerful than voters since, "at present their lives are too full for the act of voting to seem important." Affluent and satisfied for the moment, these individuals vote in large numbers only if their present pleasures are threatened, when "they will react like any sleeping giant goaded awake."

A critical question, therefore, is whether the increasing number of nonvoters reflects growing apathy or a failure of the political system to respond to the requirements of an increasingly sophisticated and demanding electorate. Hadley notes that while most nonvoters are in the "apathetic" category, a significant minority of the nonvoters pay close attention to politics and are highly critical. He cites former supporters of George Wallace as precisely this type of nonvoter. (My own tabulations indicate that states with the highest Wallace vote in 1968 had the highest nonvoter percentages in the presidential election of 1988.)

Evidence regarding the growth of the "principled abstainer" nonvoter might well be discerned using two yardsticks. First,

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if nonvoters are registered, their nonvoting takes on a more activist stance than if otherwise. Although the absolute levels of reported voting and reported registration are both inflated in surveys, these figures themselves are misleading. One can, however, reasonably use the discrepancy between the two as a measure of the "principled abstainers." In other words, if individuals say they are registered, this suggests that a key threshold to voting has been reached. While a number of reasons may ultimately blunt the taking of the second step, actual voting, it is unlikely to be apathy and far more likely to imply abstention based on "principle." Census bureau data indicate that for each presidential election from 1976 through 1988 there is a slight but steady increase in the percentage of persons who report registering but not actually voting.

If one were to use formal education as an indicator of greater potential for principled abstention, then increases in the proportion of the population graduating high school and attending college might denote a different and more sophisticated character to nonvoters than heretofore acknowledged. Between 1960 and 1980, the college-educated proportion of the U. S. population increased by 11 percent, whereas presidential voting in the same period dropped by over 5 percent. While the rate of voting among those who have attended college is higher than among those who have not, over one in four are nonvoters. Whereas those with at least some college education comprised less than a fifth of the nonvoting electorate in 1976, by 1988 they were more than one-quarter of this population.

Most importantly, the revolt of the nonvoter is tied to the growing disjuncture between community and politics. The Kettering Foundation, in its 1990 round of local citizen *fora* and focus groups, concluded that the major reason for the crisis of American political life lay with the belief held by millions that they could no longer affect the system, particularly at a national level. Rather than apathy, what explained their attitude was a mood of political impotence. While addressing the issue of voting turnout, Kettering touched on a key sociological dynamic linked to political participation: attachment to community.

It is membership in a community and a sense of belonging (especially to local neighborhood and family structures) that is now seen as critical to who does or does not vote. Empirical studies suggest several definitive measures of individual attachment, rather than the hypothetical abstractions such as "sense of community" or "civic culture" that many political theorists cite as essential to political involvement. The emphasis here is upon specific networks of community—"voting as a community act." This behavior is, in turn, correlated with belonging to voluntary local associations, including such diverse organizations as local crime watch groups, sports teams, or even organizing a bake sale. Declining neighborhood and family cohesion, coupled with high levels of geographic nomadism in American society, creates a very individuated, anomic, and essentially detached individual or nuclear family unit whose internalization of civic responsibility norms may be weak or absent.

Thus, despite a welter of theories regarding the role of institutional barriers to voting, lack of "political sophistication," and the blandishments of mass media, what determines why Americans do or do not vote is unrelated to their wealth or poverty *per se*, but is instead linked to their having an intrinsically meaningful community bond. In turn, it is not clear which is the chicken and which the egg. For some, of course, this is good news, as it may suggest that the most cynical and alienated in society—those least willing to submit to a ritualistic fealty to either the Democratic or Republican parties—often stay outside the voting booth.

When the decision to vote or not to vote is an act of personal commitment whose rationale is not readily translated into a soundbite or multichoice checklist of the pollster, then we may feel more assured about our political system, regardless of the ebb and flow of its prevalence or direction. But if voting is merely the reflexive expression of a mass media-driven or ritualistic exercise in conformity to the rites of an "electronic community," then its meaning is in doubt. It is when people decide to vote, even while believing the choices placed before them are unsatisfactory, and when both major parties vie for the ideological center of "swing voters," that turnout statistics become highly ambiguous.

If voting is to serve as a meaningful act of *civitas*, a symbolic expression of community, then to abstain from it is to deny the legitimacy of politics. That voting and nonvoting are increasingly indistinguishable as acts of public rationality offers some glimpse at the moral crisis facing our society. That many individuals now appear to perceive their decision to vote as fraught with uncertainty as to its personal and social meaning bespeaks the potential for overcoming the conundrum.

Voters and nonvoters alike are just statistical, bureaucratic categories—administrative bookkeeping devices. As long as politics continue to be confined to behaviors such as voting or contributing funds or volunteering to help a candidate get elected, for most citizens such acts will remain outside of their "real" lives. These acts are perhaps even interruptions of it, possibly distractions and often intrusions.

Unless political life is the extension of normal life by other means, it is bound to be the act of specialized minorities. This is what is implied by the fusion of voting with community. Without this link, individuals are left with the classical meaning of "alienation"—separation of the self from one's activities. Where community is absent, genuine politics cannot flourish. Nonvoters are more likely to lack such social ties, but they may also be persons who *form a community of their own*: one who finds normative what those outside see as deviant. We must then ask, who has at one time not been drawn to that netherworld where politicians seem unable to offer trust, fail to speak in a language that is comprehendible, and where the act of voting seemed more irrational than rational?

Indeed, the core of this argument is that locating the fulcrum of political life within civic values and sense of community provides the most powerful explanation for the decline in voting observed in the past several decades. Consequently, whatever the result of this year's election, almost certainly the choice made will be that of a minority of the electorate. This dynamic is a product of social forces that are not created by, but only reflected in, our nation's polity. c

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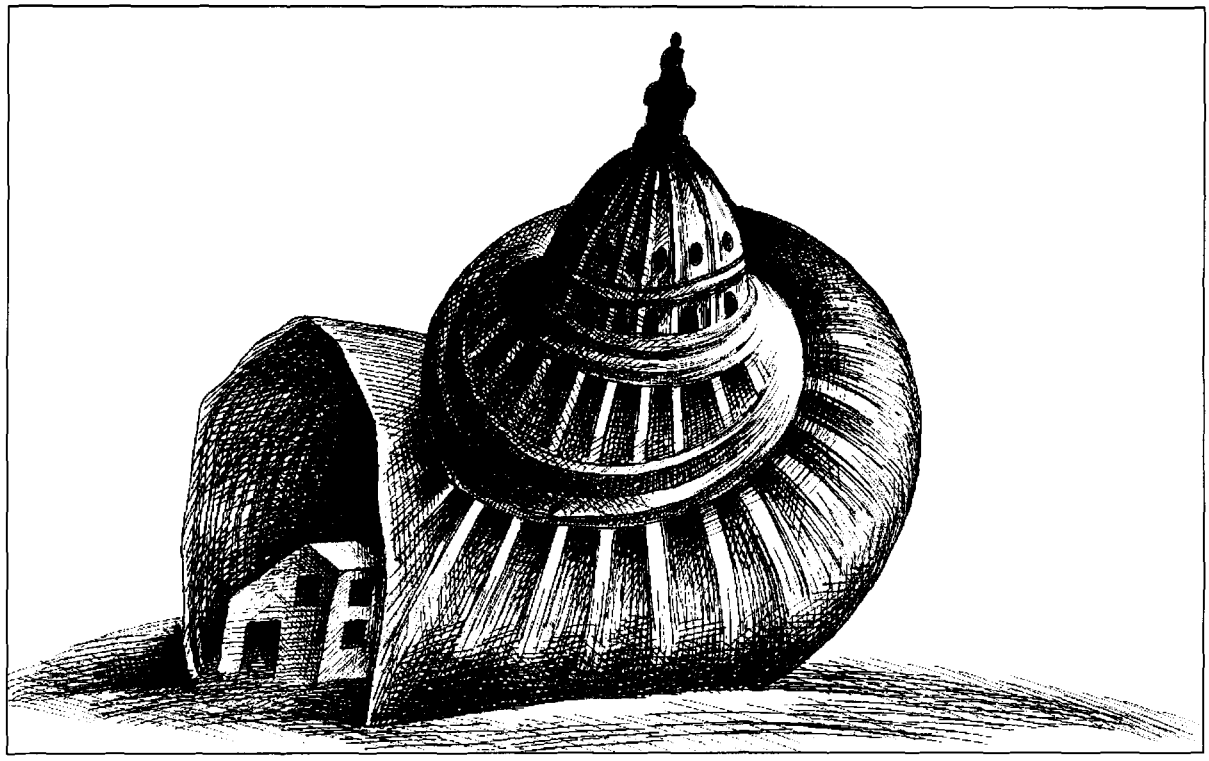
The Homeless Majority

by William J. Quirk



Igor Kopelnitsky

The middle-class revolt of 1992 is an angry rebellion against America's 25-year experiment with nondemocratic government. Around the mid-1960's, both political parties abandoned the average American, but for different reasons. The Democrats, taken with the high morality of the counterculture, deserted him because their hearts turned against him; they decided he was selfish and racist. By 1972, the Democrats had become so exotic that the party ceased to have anything in common with him. The Republicans didn't either, but they were willing to say they did in exchange for middle-class votes. The Republicans, in fact, were willing to tell the middle class whatever it wanted to hear—all about patriotism, the work ethic, antiwelfare, anticrime, antiquotas, antibusing, "family values," and stopping the state's intrusion into the citizens' daily life, or, as it was put, "getting the government off the people's backs." The Republican rhetoric, however, was not followed by action.

As the government has stopped representing the people, the people have likewise stopped feeling any responsibility for the government. A government alienated from its people is afraid to ask its people for taxes. It knows it will be thrown out as soon as it asks the people for sacrifices. Unable to tax adequately to fund its programs, the government has to finance itself by borrowing, and then by borrowing some more.

As long ago as the infancy of our nation, however, Thomas Jefferson recognized that debt is the power most dangerous to a democracy. It separates the spending from the cost that—as everyone with a credit card knows—makes all the difference in the world. Public debt, because it requires no immediate taxes, removes the critical limitation on democratic government—that to fund a program for the benefit of one group, the money has to be taken from another group.

Jefferson tried, in 1798, to amend the Constitution to prohibit the federal government from borrowing. He said he was "willing to depend on that [amendment] alone" to keep the administration of government in line with the principles of the Constitution. Debt violates the fundamental Jeffersonian premise that one generation cannot bind another. The legislature and the people acting together never have the right to legislate for the future, to bind down those who come after them, either by debt or by any other system of legislation that would prevent them from perfect freedom of action. Debt is essentially antidemocratic, because it restrains the freedom of future generations without their consent.

Jefferson believed that economic democracy is inseparable from political democracy. In a democracy you have to agree on what you want to do and on how to pay for it. A pay-as-you-go system demands immediate taxes to cover all spending. What the payees will currently receive the payers must currently pay; the payers are apt to resist, the issue must be discussed, and some compromise reached. With a borrowing policy, Jefferson said, the rules are entirely different. Debt, since it requires no immediate taxes, separates the recipient from the payer. The future taxpayer, who will pay, is not represented by any of the current parties. The burden is easily cast upon the unrepresented future.

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David Hume wrote in his 1752 essay on public credit that an unpopular government will "mortgage the public revenues, and trust that posterity will pay off the encumbrances contracted by their ancestors," which, on the face of it, is fairly preposterous. As preposterous, say, as expecting Yeltsin's Russians to pay the debts that dictators incurred in oppressing them.

Public borrowing, of course, leads to more public borrowing and ultimately to national bankruptcy, writes Hume, "as naturally as an animal body to its dissolution and destruction." In the last stage: "Where a government has mortgaged all its revenues, it necessarily sinks into a state of languor, inactivity and impotence." The 1993 budget estimates we will spend $315 billion in interest on the national debt. We have certainly reached the point, as Hume said, when "the nation becomes heartily sick of [its] debts, and is cruelly oppressed by them." Realistically, the government's liabilities are unlimited, and when a government's liabilities are infinite, no tax system makes any particular sense. No matter how much money the government collects, it is not enough.

The country's losses are steadily growing, with accumulated losses at $4 trillion (the national debt) and current losses running around $400 billion a year (the deficit). Who bears the burden of the loss? Who gets to pay? It could be the individuals and institutions holding the debt. Or it could be the taxpayers. All current discussion assumes the taxpayer will pay, but as Hume wrote, "The public is a debtor, whom no man can oblige to pay. The only check which the creditors have upon her is the interest of preserving credit; an interest which may easily be overbalanced by a great debt, and by a difficult and extraordinary emergency." The Democrats and Republicans agree that the losses will continue as far as they can see. The President's 1993 budget estimates a $209 billion deficit for 1997. The middle-class citizen assumes the losses will continue to be allocated on his head and will soak up everything he has now or will have in the future.

Beginning in 1965, one administration after another poured debt onto future generations. For the first time in our history, the debt was far beyond what the living generation intended to pay, or could pay in its time. The post-1965 administrations, in Jefferson's words, ate "up the usufruct of the lands for several generations to come," breaching the basic moral principle that the "public debts of one generation" cannot "devolve on the next." Jefferson gave the example of Louis XV:

> Again suppose Louis XV and his contemporary generation had said to the money-lenders of Genoa, give us money that we may eat, drink, and be merry in our day; and on condition you will demand no interest till the end of 19 years you shall then for ever after receive an annual interest of 12-5/8 percent. The money is lent on these conditions, is divided among the living, eaten, drank, and squandered. Would the present generation be obliged to apply the produce of the earth and of their labour to replace their dissipations? Not at all.

Hume believed that once public debt is more than a country can afford, it must be disposed of, or in financial terms, liquidated. He saw two ways this was likely to happen: one he called the "natural death" of public credit and the other "violent death." Neither ending is appealing, but the violent death is far worse than the other.

"Natural death" would occur if the government could not sell all of the $400 billion notes and bonds it needs to cover the annual deficit. While tax revenues continue to come into the treasury, about $315 billion come earmarked to pay interest on the outstanding debt. If at some point during the year an emergency arose, say the nation was threatened with an invasion, the government would act in self-preservation and use the earmarked $315 billion to resist the invasion. It would promise that the diversion is temporary, that the money would be replaced as soon as possible. But it would not happen. The national debt would then collapse, burying those who hold it. This would mean "thousands [of debt holders] are sacrificed to the safety of millions," in Hume's words. He noted that history showed that in a surprisingly short time the national credit would revive.

"Violent death" results when a country makes too many sacrifices to meet the debt. This happens when the debt-holding class controls the country and insists on sacrifices past what "prudence, policy, or even justice" require. It runs down the national defense. It puts the economy in a contorted position and cuts the standard of living further in order to squeeze out the interest payments. Ultimately, our children "weary of the struggle and fettered with encumbrances" are so weak that they cannot resist a takeover by foreign interests. In the violent death ending "millions may be sacrificed forever to the temporary safety of thousands."

Competition between the political parties is supposed to keep government on track, but the Republican and Democratic parties have not truly competed for 25 years. Indeed, over time, the parties have turned into deformed self-parodies. The Democrats trace themselves to Thomas Jefferson, who believed the American Revolution was part of a larger revolution of the human spirit against oppression. Jefferson believed society would be as good as its people and would be trusted largely to the good sense of the common man. Beginning in the mid-1960's, the Democrats lost confidence in the common man; they considered the middle class an obstacle to the kind of society they wanted to create. They took Andrew Jackson's equality of opportunity and spun it into governmentally enforced equality of result. They took Jefferson's idea that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed and turned power over to judges, whom they thought agreed with their vision of a new society and would force the majority into line.

The Republicans trace themselves to Alexander Hamilton but have lost the ability to create national wealth. The Republicans created the American market and gave substance to the belief in an ever-expanding pie. The middle class voted Republican from 1860 to 1932, not out of affection, but because the party had successfully managed the economy. However, during the second Republican majority, 1968 to the present, the party has not been able to create wealth. The Republicans have abandoned sound business principles, encouraged financial manipulation, and begun the dismantling and sale of the economy through a process called globalism. The Republicans seem intent on getting the last bit of profit from a collapsing country.

Economic historian Tracy G. Herrick reports that "there have been three periods in the nation's history when middle-class living standards declined for more than a decade: 1804-1821, 1852-1882 and 1972-present." He further notes that

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"each of the two previous periods . . . was accompanied by a political revolt of the middle class, war, and led to the emergence of a major new political party."

Both prior periods ended with the middle class regaining political power in the country. The middle class was then able to fashion economic policies that restored its prosperity. The first period of declining living standards (1804-1821) led to the collapse of the Federalists and the rise of the Jacksonian Democrats. The Tariffs of 1828 and 1832 protected domestic industry and contributed to the industrialization of the North. Jackson's supporters were the pre-industrial middle class—the country's small capitalists, farmers, skilled craftsmen, and mechanics; his opponents were the wealthy "moneyed interests." Hamilton's moneyed interests had, by this time, secured from government various monopolies and privileges, allowing them to run banks, bridges, turnpikes, railroads, and ferries. Jackson's small capitalists wanted government to stop making special deals with privileged groups.

Freedom, the Jeffersonian principle, and economic growth, the Republican principle, came together as the American dream. The energies released by freedom created growth and gave substance to the belief in an ever-expanding pie. In the absence of an expanding pie, politics is bound to focus on the distribution of the wealth that already exists, a dismal zero-sum game.

The second period of decline (1852-1882) led to the collapse of the Whigs and the rise of the Republican Party. The overarching Republican vision was the creation of the American market—a tariff-free trade zone of unprecedented size and resources. The Republicans maintained the Union by force to prevent the free-trade South from attaching itself to the European economy. Lincoln, who thought of himself as middle class, said that the people he most admired were "the attorney in the country town; the merchant at the crossroads store; the farmer who toils all day." After the Civil War, the Republicans, although basically a party of Hamiltonian-New York bankers, were able to form a coalition with the middle class. The basis of the coalition was that both the bankers and the middle class agreed that the country's future depended on extensive railroad construction, which would tie together the American market. The New York bankers explained that the country had to go back on the gold standard, because foreign bankers would not otherwise loan the funds needed to build the railroads. To implement the gold standard, it was necessary to redeem Civil War greenbacks. The redemption (1866-1879) was intentionally deflationary. It acted as a heavy tax on Midwestern farmers, who had borrowed cheap dollars to buy their farms and who now had to repay with dear ones. Nevertheless, the farmers and the rest of the middle class deemed it advantageous to support the bankers in creating the American market. And they were right. In 1865 there were 35,000 miles of railroad in operation; in 1887 there were 157,000 miles. The country's population in 1870 was 38 million; by 1890, 63 million. By 1890 the United States was the wealthiest country in the world. The Republican vision was so well realized that it kept the party in power, with small interruptions, from 1860 to 1932.

The party changed as it went along. After the Civil War, the men who created this great wealth lost a sense of commitment to the rest of the country. The Progressive movement, led by Theodore Roosevelt, was a middle-class reaction to the distortions created by the success of industrialization. The middle class believed that both the extremes of wealth and poverty and the war raging between capital and labor would sooner or later destroy the country. Roosevelt said that Republican *laissez faire* policy "is thoroughly vicious": the worker is not "an industrial asset to be allowed to drift or to be put at the mercy of the exploiter," and he cannot tolerate the low wages that "mean the sacrifice of both individual and family life and morals to the industrial machinery." Roosevelt proposed to regulate capitalism by enforcing antitrust laws, outlawing child labor, improving working conditions, limiting hours, enacting health and inspections laws, and preserving the country's natural resources. Roosevelt worked a compromise between democracy and capital that operated efficiently until the 1960's.

Americans, because of our consistently rising standard of living, believed, like F. Scott Fitzgerald's Gatsby, in "the green light," a future that will fulfill all promises. Freedom, the Jeffersonian principle, and economic growth, the Republican principle, came together as the American dream. The energies released by freedom created growth and gave substance to the belief in an ever-expanding pie. In the absence of an expanding pie, politics is bound to focus on the distribution of the wealth that already exists, a dismal zero-sum game.

The Republican majority collapsed when the party led the country into the Great Depression. The Democrats created a new majority party composed of three groups: the South, intellectuals, and working-class Catholics. The New Deal dismantled the old Jeffersonian government based on checks and balances and the separation of powers. The forms of the old government—federal, state, executive, legislative, and judicial—were retained, but they became operating parts of a single Hamiltonian mechanism that used all its powers to solve economic problems. The Hamiltonian-New Deal government was able to tax, spend, inflate the currency, and regulate business and individual activity to any extent it thought necessary. Government could spend the country's income—what used to be called its social product—to accomplish its goals. Government also began running deficits and issuing debt so that it could spend the future's social product as well. Later, the Hamiltonian government directed its energies toward solving what it considered social and moral problems. Increasingly, the country's operating rules were imposed from the top down, rather than from the bottom up.

The question today is where the third period of declining middle-class living standards (1972 to present) will end. They can continue to diminish because of Hamiltonian-like policies, or they can turn around with a return to Jefferson's faith in the common man. Can a democracy so debt-ridden even be saved? Will the middle class end up on top or isolated and destroyed? The answer is hardly clear. c

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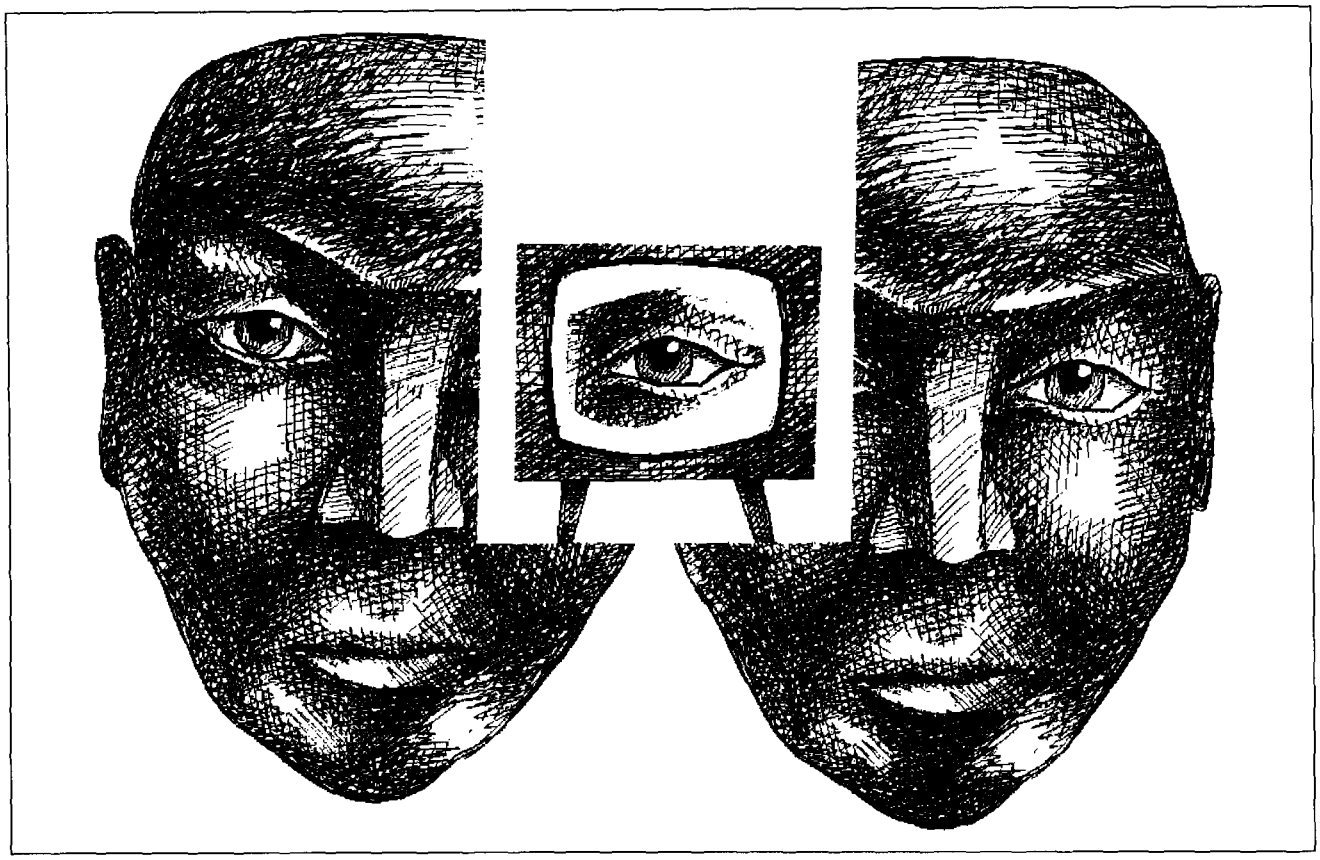
Reforming the Invisible Primary

by James S. Fishkin



Igor Kopelnitsky

We have just completed another round in a continuing national experiment in political theory—the primary selection process as it has been revised in several waves of democratic reform. I believe this experiment, filled with noble intentions, has largely been a failure. From the standpoint of democratic theory, the presidential selection process should be both representative and deliberative. The process should be *representative* of the country in all its diversity and *deliberative* in permitting an informed consideration of the issues and the candidates. At the moment, the process must be judged inadequate on both criteria.

The process fails to be deliberative because reforms have brought power to the people while, at the same time, the people have little incentive or opportunity to think about the power they exercise. Citizens have been rendered prisoners of soundbite democracy by what social scientists call a "collective action" problem. While more citizen deliberation about the public good would likely serve the collective welfare, individual citizens have so little effect on the outcome and so few opportunities for political efficacy that it is easy for them to tune out, to feel "disconnected," as a recent Kettering Foundation report documented. While there is, theoretically, a great deal of information about the election and its issues available from published materials, from C-Span, even from books written by candidates, citizens have little incentive or effective motivation to invest their time and effort in that information or to deliberate about it. And though there has been a great deal of experimentation with proposals aimed at improving media coverage of this year's campaign, even a cursory review of these experiments makes it clear that something more dramatic is needed if we are to involve the citizenry in a process that is both representative and deliberative.

Since 1968, when Hubert Humphrey won the Democratic nomination without entering a single primary, a series of well-known reforms has led to the proliferation of primaries. The McGovern-Fraser Commission announced that "the cure for the ills of democracy was more democracy." In moving from 17 to 37 primaries from 1968 to 1988 (and 39 this time), we have created a system for both major parties that is neither deliberative nor representative. "Front-loading" has made the assessment of most candidacies extremely superficial. The insatiable need for money to reach large media markets leads candidates to drop out if they fare poorly in the initial winnowing. The voters in Illinois and Michigan, much less Pennsylvania, never got to pass on Harkin, a candidate who had natural constituencies there. Most importantly, Clinton won the Democratic nomination because he won the "invisible primary"—the quest for credibility, fundraising, and organization before the official primaries begin. Tsongas said as much when he dropped out.

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Other irrationalities of the current primary process deserve at least brief mention. Crucial contests turn on self-selected primary electorates, unrepresentative of their states in the general election and disproportionate in their influence on the process because of their effects on momentum with the next contest. Fifty percent of the voters in the Maryland primary were at the college-graduate or post-graduate level in education. Blue-collar voters simply did not show up in that primary. The Florida primary was dominated by voters over age 60 and by Jewish voters, groups that were both susceptible to Clinton's negative ads about Tsongas on Social Security and on Israel.

The social conditions for face-to-face interaction and deliberation present on a small scale are not present in the larger nation-state. In primaries, referendums, opinion polls, and "teledemocracy" (such as the "electronic town halls" with viewer call-ins advocated by Ross Perot), we get the isolated, atomized citizen, pulling a lever, casting a ballot, or dialing an 800 number based on very little reflection or interaction.

Whatever the merits of New Hampshire as a starting point, we now expect masses of voters around the country to pass on candidates about whom they have only the vaguest impressions. As the process approached Super Tuesday, a *New York Times* poll of likely primary voters nationwide reported "no opinion" levels for the five leading Democratic candidates ranging from 52 to 75 percent. Note these are not levels reflecting that the voters are undecided, but whether they had any opinion at all about these candidates. Furthermore, to the extent that voters acquired an opinion, it was likely to be formed from impressions of smears in supermarket tabloids or impressions that a candidate has the *image of being substantive*, without the voters knowing very much about the issues at that stage.

Iowa and New Hampshire are, of course, unrepresentative of the country—ethnically, racially, politically, on almost any dimension you choose. The accident that New Hampshire is in dire straits economically conditioned the entire beginning of this campaign. Imagine if Harkin had not run and if relatively prosperous Iowa had started things off how different the initial debate and the framing of issues would have been. Remember that in 1988, Bush was bounced around by an economically depressed Iowa but restored by what was *then* a prosperous New Hampshire. The arbitrariness of the ordering of these events and the conditions in any one state make it imperative that we have a different way of starting things off. One study concluded that in 1988 media coverage of Iowa and New Hampshire voting equaled coverage of all the other primaries and caucuses put together. Political scientist William C. Adams has calculated that New Hampshire typically gets 105 times the coverage per voter as the large Ohio primary later in the process.

As sociologist Kiku Adatto demonstrated in a much publicized study, from 1968 to 1988, the average soundbite for presidential candidates—the period during which a candidate could speak uninterrupted on the network evening news—shrank from about 42 seconds to a little more than nine seconds. The amount of political discourse reaching the electorate is being reduced to messages worthy of fortune cookies or bumper stickers. If this election was true to form, all the minutes of substance on any of the networks' evening news broadcasts from January to June will add up to less than two hours. By contrast, the warm-up to the Super Bowl this year was two-and-a-half hours.

While some published reports claim that the soundbites increased in length this year, such claims depend on including PBS and CNN in calculations for 1992, but not for 1988. Political scientists Marion Just and Ann Creigler (of the Joan Shorenstein Barone Center at Harvard) have recently completed a study of the crucial initial campaign period, from February 1 to 18, and conclude that for the three major networks, the average soundbite is not significantly greater than in 1988. Furthermore, the average soundbite for Brown was down to six seconds; for Tsongas, Kerrey, and Harkin, about nine seconds; and for Clinton, about 12 seconds. Clearly, during the crucial initial period of the campaign season, the networks were doing some initial winnowing of the visibility of the candidates. The Just/Creigler study of March shows deterioration even from these levels, in that Clinton's soundbites shrank during the climactic period of the primary season to about six-and-a-half seconds.

The mass public has little opportunity or incentive to become informed and little incentive to deliberate on the issues. Our democratic mechanisms are really operating as what political scientists from V. O. Key to Giovanni Sartori have called an "echo chamber," bouncing back surface impressions from television via polls and primaries. We need more than impression management; we need deliberation on the issues that somehow also represents the entire country.

The move toward mass, direct democracy in the large nation-state derives much of its appeal from an image of direct democracy reminiscent of the Athenian Assembly, or of the New England town meeting. But such an appeal is mistaken. The social conditions for face-to-face interaction and deliberation present on a small scale are not present in the larger nation-state. In primaries, referendums, opinion polls, and "teledemocracy" (such as the "electronic town halls" with viewer call-ins advocated by Ross Perot), we get the isolated, atomized citizen, pulling a lever, casting a ballot, or dialing an 800 number based on very little reflection or interaction. His or her vote is just one of millions that will have little effect on the outcome. The citizen has little incentive for informed debate or for investment in political knowledge. Even the most optimistic account of contemporary voter rationality, Samuel Popkin's recent *The Reasoning Voter*, characterizes voter thinking in terms of "low information rationality": the voter's motivations can be generalized as "what have you done for me lately?"

The old source of deliberation was in the elite processes of the selection system. The dilemma we are concerned with is whether we have politically equal but relatively incompetent

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masses (in primaries, polls, and in referendums) or politically unequal but relatively more competent elites (in smoke-filled rooms). Neither is an adequate form of democracy.

The media responded to this dilemma by broadcasting an impressive lineup of nationally televised debates among the Democratic candidates. During the period when there were several active candidates, there were 11 nationally televised debates between December 15 and March 15. Seven of these were broadcast by local stations and C-Span. The C-Span national ratings were very small, but some of the debates relevant to particular primaries achieved modestly respectable local ratings. The other four debates were broadcast nationally by NBC, ABC, CNN, and PBS. Ratings of the major network broadcasts ranged from a low of 2.1 for the climactic CNN/League of Women Voters debate before the New Hampshire primary to a high of 5.5 for the ABC debate on March 5 during its *Nightline* slot (each rating point is a percent of the 92.1 million television households and represents 921,000 households). These ratings put the debates squarely in the bottom ninth of network programming in their respective weeks. Unlike the final presidential debates of the general elections, primary debates (when candidate selection is a live issue) have not attracted large audiences (the 1988 presidential debates in the general election were estimated to have drawn more than 160 million viewers).

My point in mentioning the ratings of these debates is to emphasize that the effective discourse reaching the public remains the shrinking soundbite on the network or local news of a staged photo opportunity when a candidate passes through immediately before the relevant primary. Furthermore, it is worth noting that these debates, when they were turned into soundbites and newspaper stories, were reported mostly in terms of whatever conflict, controversy, or confrontation they happened to generate. The first debate, on NBC, was most notable for the flap over Jerry Brown's advertising his 800 number on the air and for Harkin holding up a dollar bill to symbolize the value of the middle-class tax cut. The CNN debate in New Hampshire was reported mostly in terms of the fire Tsongas drew for his support of nuclear power. The Denver debate is remembered for Tsongas' response to Clinton that while he might not be "perfect," at least he is "honest." The Dallas debate was notable for Clinton's rejoinder to Brown that he should "chill out," a phrase that Hillary later took credit for in the press. The WLS-Chicago debate the Sunday before Illinois and Michigan was sparked by Brown's exaggerated description of a *Washington Post* article about alleged conflicts of interest arising from Hillary Clinton's law firm in Arkansas. These debates, with the possible exception of the *MacNeil/Lehrer* debate on PBS, were less than enlightening, even for those few citizens who watched them. Yet the principal difficulty is that to the extent that the debates reached the public, they did so primarily in terms of soundbites chosen for drama or conflict, soundbites that could be recycled on national or local newscasts. The debates, while a noble effort, did not improve the quality of the discourse reaching the public.

Another effort worth mentioning is the Discovery Channel's offer to all the major candidates to speak directly to the public. Without the filters of pundits or editors, the candidates could reach the public directly for 20 minutes each. Unfortunately, the broadcast achieved a rating of only about 1.5, reaching about 1.2 million of the nation's television households. Because the format was not conducive to drama or conflict, it was not widely reported and produced very few soundbites.

Imagine a new beginning to our season of presidential selection. Suppose we took a national random sample of the voting-age population and transported them to a single site. We invite the major presidential candidates for several days of face-to-face questioning in small group sessions. We provide the citizens with briefing materials beforehand on the major issues facing the country. At the end of these deliberations, we poll the citizens on their views of both the candidates and the issues.

Such an event would constitute what I call a "deliberative opinion poll." In *Democracy and Deliberation*, I try to make the case for deliberative polls as a response to the problems in our presidential selection system. An ordinary poll models what the public thinks, given how little it knows and how little it pays attention. A deliberative poll models what the public *would* think if it had a more adequate chance to think about the issues. The point of an ordinary poll is descriptive. It provides a snapshot of the public's unreflective preferences. The point of a deliberative poll is prescriptive. It gives voice to the people under special conditions, whereupon the people would have a voice worth listening to.

I proposed to demonstrate this notion on national television (on PBS) in 1992. After the event was announced by WETA (the Washington PBS station), full funding was not achieved, and the event was unfortunately canceled for this presidential season. However, the event has now been adopted not only by WETA, but also by all ten of the nation's presidential libraries, and we propose to start early for 1996. Note that a successful demonstration of the idea could transform the presidential selection system by turning the "invisible primary" into a deliberative event. Given the role of momentum in the invisible primary, a change in the way candidacies are launched could determine the results. Instead of an event like the Florida straw poll, which is both unrepresentative of the country and undeliberative, we would have an event that is both representative of the entire country in all its diversity and deliberative on the issues.

The Florida straw poll, which represents party activists in one Southern state, played a major role this year in Clinton's rise to the front, just as it played a major role in Jimmy Carter's emergence before the Iowa caucuses in 1976. Instead of candidates repeating standard stump speeches, we might imagine a process whereby they are forced to respond in depth on the issues, with sustained follow-ups. The premium that applies to unrehearsed political discourse was dramatized by the incident last December when President Bush, in a teleconference to a teachers' convention in California, complained that he was asked the questions in the wrong order. An apparently spontaneous event was actually one that was carefully scripted.

New innovations are necessary if we are to create a public voice for the expression of the will of the people. Deliberative opinion polls conducted at the beginning of the selection process could have a major effect on all that follows. It would represent a constructive use of the same three factors that have facilitated the rise of plebiscitary democracy—the impulse to bring the people into the process, the rise of television, and the development of public-opinion polling.

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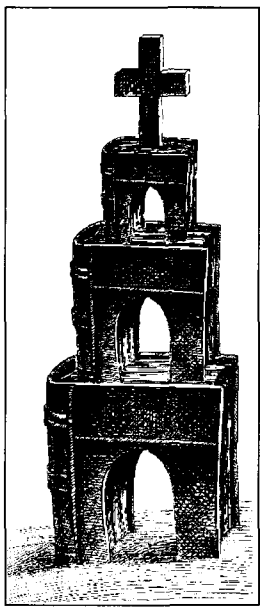
A Houdini of Time

by Theodore Pappas

"I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that steal my words every one from his neighbour."

—Jeremiah 23:30



Igor Kopelnitsky

The Papers of Martin Luther King, Jr. Volume I: Called to Serve, January 1929-June 1951
Senior Editor: Clayborne Carson,
Volume Editors: Ralph E. Luker and Penny A. Russell
Berkeley: University of California Press;
484 pp., $35.00

Voice of Deliverance: The Language of Martin Luther King, Jr. and Its Sources
by Keith D. Miller
New York: The Free Press; 282 pp., $22.95

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After seven years on public and private payrolls as senior editor of the King Papers Project, Clayborne Carson has finally produced the first volume of MLK's papers. The project began in 1984, and since 1986 has received a half-million dollars of the taxpayers' money via the National Endowment for the Humanities. Concerning the amount of public funds going directly to Carson's salary, the NEH says "this is confidential information off-limits to the public." The project is also backed by the National Historical Publications and Records Commission, James Irvine Foundation, Ford Foundation, Rockefeller Foundation, Stanford University, Emory University, IBM, Intel, and the Stanford University Associates of the King Papers Project. These are many of the same sources that, along with the NEH, have supported the *Marcus Garvey and Universal Negro Improvement Association Papers*, whose U.C.L.A. editor began collecting documents in 1970 and has still finished only seven volumes of the 11-volume set. Clyde Wilson—editor of *The Papers of John C. Calhoun*, and with a staff of one and a bare-bones budget—has published 11 volumes in 15 years.

If Clayborne Carson had been candid with the public from the very beginning of the controversy over King's plagiarisms, the long delay in publishing the first volume might be excused and justified. After all, the thousands of plagiarized passages in King's sermons, speeches, college papers, seminary essays, doctoral dissertation, and published book reviews and articles could so overwhelm an editor that a plea for patience would be understandable. But Carson chose duplicity over disclosure, opting to misrepresent the facts, to hide the truth as long as possible, and to set in motion the official spin on the controversy.

In 1989, when he was asked by Frank Johnson of the London *Telegraph* about the "rumor" that King plagiarized his 1955 doctoral dissertation at Boston University, Carson called the charge unwarranted, saying "It's really not true [that King plagiarized]." Even after the story broke Carson persisted in applying whitewash with half-truths and academic doublespeak. He spoke not of plagiarism—the dreaded "p-word" that he forbade everyone at the project's headquarters at Stanford ever to use—but of "paraphrasing," "similarities," and "textual appropriations" as "part of a successful composition method." This blather and "lack of forthrightness" with the truth led the *Journal of American History* to reject the article

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he had submitted to explain the controversy.

But the whitewash went well beyond Carson and the King Papers Project. Boston University's then acting-president, Jon Westling, flatly denied in *Chronicles* that "a single instance of plagiarism of any sort has been identified," and B.U.'s "Martin Luther King Professor of Social Ethics," John Cartwright, who even sat on the B.U. committee that analyzed King's thesis, claimed "there is no obvious indication in the dissertation that he inappropriately utilized material." The *Wall Street Journal* admitted King's plagiarism, but then concluded that the theft reflects not on his character but rather "tells something about the rest of us." Such sophistry and drivel did not get past the London *Telegraph*, which reported "such is the cravenness of the U. S. media when it comes to race that no newspaper followed [our 1989] story . . . . Then, in an article full of apologetic, mealy-mouthed phrases, the *Wall Street Journal* confirmed our findings."

Not surprisingly, Carson and the project have come out of the controversy nearly as clean and unscathed as King has himself. The *Washington Post* recently hailed Carson's work in an article entitled "Called to Serve," and Eugene Genovese in a review of volume one for the *New Republic* wrote glowingly of Carson's "professional integrity," his "tact and good sense," and of the "splendid job" of volume editor Ralph Luker, declaring that Coretta King and her advisory board have "every reason to be proud of their choice of a general editor and of the staff he put together." Amid encomia and hagiography as heavy as this, it seems heartless to point out that Ralph Luker was long ago fired from the King Papers Project as the "fall guy" for the controversy over King's dissertation, that Coretta King and Carson locked horns in a bitter struggle over control of King's dissertation note cards, and that one of Carson's associates blames the publication delays and problems with the project on Coretta King's lack of cooperation.

Volume one documents the period from King's birth to his application to the doctoral program at B.U. and summarizes his family history in an introduction by the volume editors. King was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1929, the son of the revered pastor of Ebenezer Baptist Church. After attending a number of schools in Atlanta, he passed a special examination in 1944 to enter Morehouse College without having earned his high school diploma. He graduated in 1948 with a degree in sociology and entered the Crozer Theological Seminary in Chester, Pennsylvania. Obtaining his bachelor's degree in divinity in 1951, he then enrolled in the doctoral program at B.U.'s School of Theology.

King was reared, in his own words, "in a very congenial home situation," with parents who "always lived together very intimately." Closest to him was his maternal grandmother, whose death in 1941 left him emotionally unstable. Remorseful because he had learned of her fatal heart attack while attending a parade without his parents' permission, the 12-year-old Martin attempted suicide by jumping from a second-story window.

Most striking about the Kings is the affluence they enjoyed during the Depression. As King, Sr., himself admitted, "the deacons took great pride in knowing that [he] was the best-paid Negro minister in the city." In fact, while millions of white and black Americans were queuing in bread lines, King, Sr., was touring France, Italy, Germany, and the Holy Land. Though he refused to join the migration to the more prestigious areas of Atlanta to which middle- and upper-middle-class blacks like himself were then moving, King's father did buy a larger home in his same neighborhood, "thus fulfilling a childhood ambition of King, Sr., to own such a house. Enjoying the benefits of his family's affluence, King, Jr., became active in the social life of middle-class Atlanta."

The key phrase above reads not "middle-class *black* Atlanta" but simply "middle-class Atlanta," and it was the bourgeois culture of white America that shaped King's early adult years. When King entered the Crozer Theological Seminary in 1948, he was one of only 11 black students of a student body nearing a hundred. He immersed himself "in the social and intellectual life of a predominantly white, northern seminary," and "most accounts of King's experiences at Crozer suggest that he actively sought out social contacts with white students and faculty members." Known for his wonderful oratorical skills, King became one of the most popular students on campus and was even elected president of the student body, a feat that did not go unnoticed among the faculty and administration. As Crozer's Professor Morton Enslin wrote in his letter of recommendation for King to B.U.,

> The fact that with our student body largely Southern in constitution a colored man should be elected to and be popular [in] such a position is in itself no mean recommendation. The comparatively small number of forward-looking and thoroughly trained negro leaders is, as I am sure you will agree, still so small that it is more than an even chance that one as adequately trained as King will find ample opportunity for useful service. He is entirely free from those somewhat annoying qualities which some men of his race acquire when they find themselves in the distinct higher percent of their group.

King's eagerness and ability to mix well with white students becomes significant when seen in light of his performance during Crozer's fieldwork program. On the basis of King's preaching to black congregations, the evaluator of the program, the Reverend William E. Gardner—who was also a friend of the King family—determined Martin's "strongest points" to be his "clarity of expression, impressive personality," his chief weakness "an attitude of aloofness, disdain and possible snobbishness which prevent his coming to close grips with the rank and file of ordinary people. Also, a smugness that refuses to adapt itself to the demands of ministering effectively to the average Negro congregation."

The editors conclude from this that King had "become somewhat estranged from his Ebenezer roots." Other evidence suggests that he may have inherited the class consciousness that other family members had exhibited. The editors admit in the introduction that Martin's grandfather, A.D. Williams, had made money off a controversial business venture that targeted poor blacks. The black-run *Atlanta Independent* in 1909 called the stock that Williams was selling in a Mexican silver mine a "fake, pure and simple," and encouraged him "to explain . . . this fraudulent scheme" to the "many thousands of poor Negroes that are being defrauded throughout the state."

As Professor Enslin's letter to B.U. suggests, King was not recommended for doctoral studies because of intellectual distinction or academic achievement. In fact, we know from his scores on the Graduate Record Exam that King scored in

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the second lowest quartile in English and vocabulary, in the lowest ten percent in quantitative analysis, and in the lowest third on his advanced test in philosophy—the very subject he would concentrate in at B. U. Instead, King was recommended because he socialized well with white students, had won white support and approval, could be of "useful service" in the future, and, so far from displaying any of those "annoying qualities" that other Negroes exhibited (whatever this means), had even showed a disdain toward Negroes of a lower socio-economic order. It was clearly on the basis of race, not scholarship, that Professor Enslin recommended King for doctoral studies.

The possibility that King benefited from an early form of affirmative action—from a lowering of academic standards or from preferential treatment because of his race—gains credence when his years of plagiarizing are considered. Though the editors treat this issue as gingerly as possible, their volume clearly proves that King was an inveterate plagiarist who began pilfering at an early age. The speech he gave in an oratorical contest at the age of 15 is not only, as the editors say, "more polished than other pieces that King wrote as a teenager," it is more polished than anything King "wrote" as an adult in either college or seminary. The editors conclude that the "essay probably benefited from adult editing and from King's awareness of similar orations." Put more bluntly, the speech was either written by an adult or copped from an unknown source.

The evidence of King's pilferage is overwhelming. The editors do not highlight the stolen sections but simply reprint in footnotes without editorial comment the original passages King plagiarized, making the footnotes in this volume often as long and tedious as the documents themselves. Sample one of the many "borrowed" passages in King's essay on "Ritual," written as a junior or senior at Morehouse College:

King:	*Plagiarized source:*
All feasts are divided into two classes, feasts of precept and feasts of devotion. The feasts of precept are holydays [*sic*] on which the Faithful in most Catholic countries refrain from unnecessary servile labor and attend Mass. These include all the Sundays in the year, Christmas Day, the circumcism [*sic*] . . .	All feasts are divided into two classes, feasts of precept and feasts of devotion. The former are holy days on which the Faithful in most Catholic countries refrain from unnecessary servile labour and attend Mass. These include all the Sundays in the year, Christmas Day, the Circumcision . . .

From King's essay on "The Significant Contributions of Jeremiah to Religious Thought," written during his first term at Crozer:

King:	*Plagiarized source:*
This Temple was the pivot of the nation's religion. It was a national institution, linked intimately with the fortunes of the race. In the course of years elaborate ceremonies were enacted, and the priests prescribed sacrifices, and the smoke of burnt-offerings rose high from the altar. The Temple was the apple of the people's eye. To criticise[*sic*] it was to set aflame the fires of both religion and patriotism. And this was the very thing that Jeremiah did.	[This Temple] was the . . . pivot of the nation's religion. . . . It was a national institution, linked intimately with the fortunes of the race. . . . In the course of centuries an elaborate liturgical ceremony came to be enacted there, and the priests prescribed sacrifices, and the smoke of burnt-offerings rose high from the altar. . . . The Temple was the apple of the people's eye. To touch it was to set aflame the fires of both religion and patriotism. And this was just the very thing that the prophet did.

King's plagiarisms are easy to detect because their style rises above the level of his pedestrian student prose. In general, if the sentences are eloquent, witty, insightful, or pithy, or contain allusions, analogies, metaphors, or similes, it is safe to assume that the section has been purloined. "To set aflame the fires of both religion and patriotism," "It was the eye of Yahweh that was forever searching the thoughts and intents of the heart," "Evil is the Satan that laughs at logic," "Religion [is] the response of the heart to the voice of God"—all are flags of King's "textual appropriations."

In fact, King's plagiarisms grow more sweeping with each year he progresses in higher education. For instance, in his essay on "A Study of Mithraism," which he "composed" during his second year at Crozer, King lifts verbatim entire paragraphs from Franz Cumont's well-known *The Mysteries of Mithra* and W. R. Halliday's *The Pagan Background of Early Christianity*. Also evident in this essay is King's "composition method" of plagiarizing himself, meaning his recycling into "new" essays huge sections verbatim of compositions he had written in previous years for other classes.

But these examples from King's early terms at Crozer pale in comparison to the thefts committed during his final two years, and in particular to the papers King composed for Professor George Washington Davis. Carson and company see nothing unusual in the fact that King took *nine* courses from this professor, because "so theologically compatible were King and Davis" and because King "forged his own theological perspective" in Davis's courses, for which "King's essays for Davis displayed a greater degree of intellectual engagement" than those he had written for other Crozer professors.

If what the editors say is true, King's compositions for Professor Davis should be the best argued, best written, most erudite and original of all his essays. The evidence suggests otherwise. From the introduction to King's "The Sources of Fundamentalism":

King:	*Plagiarized source:*
In the course of its development western civilization has shifted from a colonial naivete of the frontier to the	In the course of its development western civilization has shifted from a colonial naivete of the frontier to the

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far-reaching machination of nationalism and from an agrarian pattern of occupation to the industrial one. . . .	far-reaching machinations of nationalism and from an agrarian pattern of occupation to the industrial one. . . .

Plagiarism continues throughout eight of the remaining 13 paragraphs of the essay.

From the introduction to King's "The Origin of Religion in the Race":

King:	*Plagiarized source:*
Before we come to consider some modern theories it may be well to refer briefly to two views which were once widely prevalent, but which are now obsolete or at least absolescent [*sic*].	Before we come to consider some modern theories it may be well to refer briefly to two views which were once widely prevalent, but which are now obsolete or obsolescent.

Only three of the remaining 22 paragraphs in the essay are not replete with verbatim plagiarisms, often of entire paragraphs.

From King's essay on "The Humanity and Divinity of Jesus":

King:	*Plagiarized sources:*
If there is any one thing of which modern Christians have been certain it is that Jesus was a true man, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, in all points tempted as we are. . . . Like the rest of us, he got hungry. When at the well of Sameria [*sic*] he asked the woman who was drawing water for a drink. When he grew tired, he needed rest and sleep. . . . On the Cross, he added to all physical tortures the final agony of feeling God-forsaken.	If there is any one thing of which Christians have been certain it is that Jesus is true man, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, in all points tempted as we are. . . . Like the rest of us, he was hungry. At the well at Samaria he asked the woman who was drawing water for a drink. When he grew tired, he needed rest and sleep. . . . On the Cross, he added to all physical tortures the final agony of feeling God-forsaken.

Regarding some of the other essays King wrote for Professor Davis, of the 37 paragraphs in his essay on "The Influence of the Mystery Religions on Christianity," 11 are recycled from two essays written in previous years and 24 of the remaining 26 paragraphs are replete with verbatim plagiarisms. In "The Chief Characteristics and Doctrines of Mahayana Buddhism," 16 of the 20 paragraphs are stolen directly from unacknowledged sources. In "Religion's Answer to the Problem of Evil," only 14 of the 38 paragraphs are free of verbatim plagiarisms.

Again, Carson concludes from these "engaged" essays, which Davis routinely gave "A's," and from the nine courses King took from Davis, that the student and the professor were merely "compatible." A simpler conclusion is that the professor had been snowed. We know from comments written on King's essays that some professors reprimanded him for incomplete footnotes, but there is no evidence to indicate that they ever realized the extent of King's pilfering.

The editors admit in their introduction that King's essays possess "unacknowledged textual appropriations," which "meet a strict definition of plagiarism," but they hasten to assure us that there is still no "definite answer to the question whether King deliberately violated the standards that applied to him as a student." If the editors do not know what academic standards are, at least King himself did. He plainly states on page seven of his dissertation, "The present inquiry will utilize from these valuable secondary sources any results which bear directly on the problem, and will indicate such use by appropriate footnotes," and then proceeds to steal word-for-word and without any acknowledgment whatsoever huge sections from the thesis of Jack Boozer.

Eugene Genovese also admits King's pilferage, but writes off its significance as a mere "impatience with scholarly procedures," something that should not diminish our appreciation of King's "fine" mind. After all, King may have plagiarized his way through college, seminary, and graduate school, but this was "not an expression of laziness or an unwillingness to do the required work"! How can we ever know?

While Carson and his fellow apologists are making a heroic effort to palliate King's literary and academic shenanigans, Keith Miller boldly takes the bull by the horns. An assistant professor of English at Arizona State University, Miller cheerfully admits King's plagiarisms, or rather his "unattributed appropriations," "intertextualizations," "incorporations," "borrowings," "alchemizing," "overlapping," "adopting," "synthesizing," "replaying," "echoing," "resonances," "reverberations," and "voice merging." But far from wanting to trivialize the facts, Miller argues that King's pilferage was intentional, and even an integral and laudatory part of the civil rights movement. For by interweaving stolen texts into his speeches and essays, and by stealing in particular the words of liberal white ministers, King "foolproofed his discourse" and was able to "change the minds of moderate and uncommitted whites" toward solving "the nation's most horrific problem—racial injustice." This "method of composition" is what Miller terms "voice merging" and associates with the borrowing of sermons common among black folk preachers.

The most useful portions of this book are those in which Miller sets forth the sources of King's nonacademic works. He occasionally mentions King's famous antiwar speeches that were ghostwritten by Andrew Young and other supporters, but he highlights the pilfered sources behind King's landmark orations on civil rights. King's Nobel Prize Lecture, for example, is plagiarized extensively from works by Florida minister J. Wallace Hamilton; the sections on Gandhi and nonviolence in his "Pilgrimage" speech are stolen virtually verbatim from Harris Wofford's speech on the same topic; the frequently replayed climax to the "I Have a Dream" speech—the "from every mountainside, let freedom ring" portion—is taken directly from a 1952 address to the Republican National Convention by a black preacher named Archibald Carey; the 1968

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sermon in which King prophesied his martyrdom was based on works by J. Wallace Hamilton and Methodist minister Harold Bosley; even the "Letter From the Birmingham Jail," that "great American essay" so often reproduced in textbooks on composition, is based on work by Harry Fosdick, H. H. Crane, and Harris Wofford—all sources King could recall from memory because of the frequency with which he had "merged" with them in the past.

Miller's research is indispensable for understanding King's works, but his intoxicating thesis proves fatal to his judgment:

> King's achievements are awesome. Borrowed sermons gave white Americans their best—and probably last—chance to solve what had always been the nation's worst problem. Not only did voice merging keep Jefferson's dream alive, it also helped compel the White House to withdraw from the nightmare of Vietnam. Then in the wake of his movement came the second wave of American feminism, the campaign for gay rights, and the crusade to save the environment.

All this owed to plagiarism! Miller apparently believes that every social and protest movement of our time is rooted in dishonesty.

A more fundamental problem with Miller's thesis is lack of proof. He offers no documentation, confession, or interview of any sort—nothing to prove that King deliberately plagiarized white sources to garner white support for the civil rights movement. Nor does his argument account for the plagiarisms King committed throughout college, seminary, and his doctoral studies—all of which occurred long before he ever became what Miller calls "the unofficial president of an oppressed people."

Miller explains away such pilferage with his "voice merging" theory—that King plagiarized because he was unable (and still unable after 11 years of higher education and three academic degrees) to separate himself from the black homiletic tradition of "borrowing" other people's work. On one level, this argument is equivalent to saying, "King's plagiarism is a black thing. You whites with your standards wouldn't understand." But the deeper implication is that originality and true scholarship cannot be expected of blacks, that because of their oral traditions blacks cannot differentiate between the pulpit and the classroom, between Sunday sermons and professional standards, between the mores of folk art and the demands of high culture. How flattering this is to all the black doctors, black lawyers, black theologians, and black scholars who have made and continue to make their way honestly in the world.

Miller concludes by suggesting that the country should be grateful for King's commitment to plagiarism. For stealing the works of others "let King escape the restrictions of the clock and therein become a Houdini of time. . . . This ubiquitous leader could magically advise senators, write a column, publish an essay, rally voters, placate unruly staffers, preach a sermon, and comfort a church janitor—all in a single day. . . . Barnstorming the nation as a Houdini of time became possible only because King consulted sources and thereby foolproofed his discourse." King certainly was a master of illusion and deception, but his discourse was hardly foolproof.

To the Class Clown, Dead on a School Trip

by Jim Henley

"Police said [the sixth grader] climbed over a balcony railing outside his hotel room, dropped a few feet to the top of a ventilation unit on an adjoining roof, then apparently stumbled into the unit's spinning fan. . . . Evans said there were several witnesses to the incident, but was unsure if any were adults."

—*Washington Post* 4/11/90

From the first, it was always lurching—
punch line to punch line, stunt to stunt—
as if some center you were searching
swung you around whatever you meant

the way a miniature golf
hazard will give your ball a spin
so you overshoot your target. And if
you couldn't get your fifth shot in

you'd wind the club up for one terrific
smack, that would take off with such force
as to clear the hole and end up in traffic.
They'd charge you for the ball, of course.

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Wild About Harry—Again

by James Hill

"Democracy is Lovelace and the people is Clarissa."
—John Adams

Truman
by David McCullough
New York: Simon & Schuster;
1,120 pp., $30.00

◆

I was born in 1946, right in the middle of Harry Truman's accidental and tumultuous first term as President. I have no memory of the man until one early November morning in 1952, when my mother and grandmother were discussing the election of Dwight Eisenhower. As I vaguely recall, this discussion centered around the Korean War and Ike's promise to go to Korea and bring the boys home. Somewhere it turned into argument, and that is when I first heard the phrase that, for much of my early life at least, was to define the 33rd President of the United States—"That Damned Truman."

Understand, please, that this took place in Winfield, Kansas—"12,000 friendly people," most of them Eisenhower partisans. Ike was a Kansan; Truman a Missourian. And considering what we say about politicians today, "That Damned Truman" may have been not so much a curse as it was a grudging measure of respect, for all I know.

Certainly, others differed. Some historians and political scientists have contended in recent years that Harry Truman was one of the greatest of American Presidents. One need only look at the exhaustive bibliography compiled by David McCullough for his quite readable and thorough *Truman* to understand that the Truman administration has been an obsession of scholars almost from the day his train took him home to Independence in January of 1953. But I also think it's safe to say, twenty years after his death and forty years after he left the White House, that we're still not sure if we're wild about Harry. From time to time, however, some of the

Igor Kopelnitsky

scholarship on Truman has helped produce Truman revivals that cast this machine-age politician—once called the Senator from Pendergast—in a very favorable, if not fawning, light.

Because he lived to the age of 88, Truman had the opportunity to share in a few of these reappraisals, principally the ones that occurred with the publication of his memoirs in 1955, the opening of his library in 1957, and his 80th birthday in 1964. Yet it was in the 1970's, when he was no longer around, that the idea of a true Harry Truman revival—almost elevating the man to mythical proportions—took hold. It no doubt started with his daughter Margaret's *Harry S. Truman*—a remarkably interesting though one-sided set-the-record-straight portrait of her father published when he was on his death bed—and went on through much of the decade, including a popular song by the rock-group *Chicago*, a hugely successful one-man show by actor James Whitmore, and, of course, Merle Miller's entertaining *Plain Speaking*. It should be noted, also, that this Truman revival took place at a time when the nation was coming out of the miserable war in Vietnam and Watergate's shock to the presidency. One has to presume that after Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, America was looking for anyone who could make the presidency look good.

As I write, Bill Clinton has just delivered his acceptance speech for the Democratic nomination, and Ross Perot has dropped his independent bid to seek the White House. President Bush is off somewhere in Wyoming, and the instant polls are already giving Governor Clinton, the characterless candidate of just a few weeks ago, an enormous lead. The country seems in a gridlock, the voters alienated. Could it be that Harry Truman, thanks to David McCullough's scholarship, is looking good again?

Certainly he is, but let's backtrack a bit. *Truman*, a ten-year effort of Mr. McCullough, is one of those well-timed works guaranteed to get notice, win awards, and set off columnists and commentators debating the merits of the Truman administration. It is also—and appropriately too, considering the great amount of documentation not only of Truman's life but of America in the postwar era—a monument to the man. While I think that one could get a better understanding of Jackson County, Missouri, under the control of Boss Tom Pendergast by reading *Tom's Town*, a marvelous but largely overlooked work by William Reddig (reissued by the University of Missouri Press in 1986), and that the review of Truman's White House years seems very familiar (and why not, again considering the documentation), this book should not be dis-

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missed. Other Presidents have statues; Harry Truman left a record.

Yet there is a danger when examining Mr. McCullough's biography, and that is in allowing ourselves the luxury of comparing this presidency—in reality so much a part of our recent past, though for half of the population my age and under the Truman years are ancient history—with what we have now. If the early Truman revival was sparked by Vietnam and Watergate, a time when our constitutional form of government seemed in the process of being torn to shreds, then it stands to reason that another Truman revival should occur in a period when our governmental way of life appears to have flat broken down.

Politics, the business of conducting the public's business, has become the business of alienating the public. Special interests rule the day from the halls of Congress down to the city councils. A President who once basked in some of the highest ratings of popularity ever recorded after winning a lightning war then wallowed near the bottom of the polls. The Democrats, out of the White House now for 12 years, offer up two fresh-scrubbed faces and try to portray themselves as the party of change, and an Independent acts as a pied piper to thousands left out or bored with it all, only to change his mind the very week of the Democratic Convention. Surely there are parallels to 1948, when Harry Truman confounded the press, his own staff, and most of all Tom Dewey by winning what is still considered the greatest upset in American presidential elections.

But one must evaluate *Truman* for its distinctions. Although his admiration for Harry Truman is evident, I do not believe that Mr. McCullough's reason for taking on such a project was to give us a feel-good attitude about Harry Truman. The book is a serious biographical appraisal, and Mr. McCullough is at his best when he describes the life and times of the former President. He is not resuscitating Harry Truman, but showing him as a character from our history.

Still parallels will be drawn, so let us consider the distinctions. Immediately following their nomination, Bill Clinton and Al Gore set out on a bus tour of the industrial states of the "Rust Belt," and immediately references began to be made to a "whistle-stop" tour. Since words come cheap to political polemicists, you can call it a whistle-stop tour all you want, but it most certainly is not (nor have been any of the other imitations, including Michael Dukakis' short jaunt up the Central Valley of California in 1988) the "whistle stop" that Harry Truman introduced into the American political lexicon. No one has matched his Herculean feat—not in distance of miles traveled by train, not in speeches given, not in the size of crowds attracted. In other words, Harry Truman was not looking for "photo-ops" or "soundbites" that would hit the evening news; he was working for his election.

But there is another distinction, and that is the bond that Harry Truman established with the American people. He knew that some of them could not stand him, but he treated all as though they were his employer and asked them to consider their interests—not his—when casting their votes. Yet the one distinction, not raised by Mr. McCullough directly but evident to readers throughout his narrative, is the most obvious one. And this, of course, is that America today is a very different place than it was in 1948.

Truman was thrown into the presidency in the twilight of World War II. He had to make the decision to drop the atomic bomb on Japan and then in peacetime faced the twin problems of returning the nation to a peacetime footing while holding off Joe Stalin, who was threatening another global conflict. World War II had broken isolationism for good, and America seriously debated its role in the world.

Today, we seem a nation obsessed with trivia and the glorification of self. We see government—or really, the political process—as irrelevant unless government is to relieve the pain of our own follies. The press, which used to proudly proclaim itself the Fourth Estate, is no longer our watchdog, but a lapdog for irresponsible experimentation with social engineering, offering a nationwide forum for an endless freak show of malcontents who know they can get the media eye by blaming their problems on the Reagan-Bush administrations. We worship as a hero a sports figure who advises us to use condoms lest we catch his sexually transmitted virus and put alarm systems in our houses so the illegal aliens we have hired to cut the grass don't come back to steal the VCR. Our political battles, or so the endless number of chattering observers tell us, are no longer over the great issues of the postwar era, but "family values" and a "woman's right to choose."

Consider this. In 1948, Harry Truman—facing more turmoil at home and much greater threats abroad—took his case directly to the American people. In 1992, Messrs. Bush and Clinton are having a difficult time even getting on television, the preferred medium of campaigning in our modern era. The deplorable lack of television coverage of the deplorably stage-managed Democratic Convention is but a prime example of the problem. One has to think "That Damned Truman" would not have tolerated such a slight—that he would have at least given the media barons a little hell. But the truth is, Harry Truman suffered even greater slights (although fortunately television in its infancy wasn't much of a political player). The distinction here is that he found the way to overcome them.

Great leaders do (cliché intended) rise to the occasion. Harry Truman knew the job that was before him, knew what was expected of him, knew the price of his failures. But he also knew the American people. Only time will tell if the candidates of 1992 can acquire the same knowledge and deliver us from ourselves. ©

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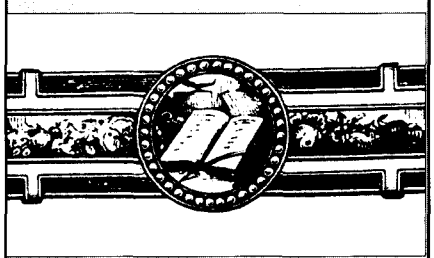

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Appalled by History

by Michael D. Aeschliman

Ezra Pound and Italian Fascism
by Tim Redman
New York: Cambridge University Press; 350 pp., $34.50

◆

For us to love our country, Burke somewhere wrote, our country must be beautiful. The sheer aesthetic ugliness of modern capitalistic civilization has been as much a reason for the revulsion against it on the part of poets, artists, and social critics as have its various injustices and inequities, real or alleged. We are inclined nowadays to see the history of social and artistic protest against modern commerce, industry, and urbanization as a left-wing phenomenon, leading to its gruesome apotheosis in Marxist communism, but this is an inadequate reading of two hundred years of literature, art, and criticism.

"Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey, / Where wealth accumulates and men decay," wrote Oliver Goldsmith as capitalist industrialization and urbanization were moving into high gear in England in the late 18th century. He was followed by a line of English, American, and European writers who have been retrospectively co-opted by the left, even though their own sympathies and loyalties were either Christian or idealistic: Wordsworth, Blake, Carlyle, Dickens, Emerson, Thoreau, Arnold, and Ruskin, among others. In our century, often drawing on them, came important non-Marxist critics such as Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, T. S. Eliot, and the American Southern Agrarians, whose 1930 volume of essays, *I'll Take My Stand*, is one of the noblest documents in modern American literature and provides a link to more recent writers of similar views, such as Aldo Leopold, Russell Kirk, E. F. Schumacher, Wendell Berry, and Wes Jackson.

Among these Ezra Pound must be included, and it is a surprisingly complex Pound who emerges from Tim Redman's dispassionate, detailed *Ezra Pound and Italian Fascism*. Redman is refreshingly free of the more egregious *Marxisant* biases that are still so characteristic of American academic writing. Rightly deploring Pound's anti-Semitism and his willful blindness to the evils of Mussolini's regime, Redman is nevertheless judicious in his discussion of the development and character of Pound's thinking on culture, politics, society, and—especially—economics. (Redman emphasizes that Italian Fascism was historically distinct from the German National Socialism with which Mussolini disastrously allied his movement in its terminal phase.)

Like so many 20th-century intellectuals and artists, Pound did become a power-worshiper, and he failed to see how much of a "sawdust Caesar" Mussolini really was. Resident in Italy from 1925 until his surrender to his American compatriots in May 1945, and again at the end of his life, Pound started out by admiring both Lenin *and* Mussolini as powerful world-historical individuals who were actually doing something about the appalling conditions of the post-World War I world; for the same reason, he admired Nietzschean aesthetic adventurers such as the Futurist F. T. Marinetti and Gabriele D'Annunzio. He was to some degree seduced by melodramatic vitalist bombast and its cult of the will to power.

Yet as Redman's study shows, the evolution of Pound's thought was a complex and not altogether ignoble affair. Pound set himself to make economic as well as moral sense of his world—"to see life steadily and whole"—and to be a Confucian wise man and a sage, not just an aesthete and an entertainer. Major C. H. Douglas' Social Credit movement had a great effect on Pound. Yet his thinking must also be seen in light of the Distributist movement of Belloc and Chesterton, the Jefferson-Randolph-Bryan tradition of American small businessmen and farmers, and of Papal social doctrine, especially its conception of "subsidiarity." Drawing on sources as diverse as Confucius, Jefferson, Adams, Marx, Bryan, Major Douglas, and the economist Silvio Gesell, he attempted a synthesis that would halt and reverse what he saw as the degradation of civic and public welfare at the hands of banks, bankers, and rapacious Social Darwinist capitalism generally.

Oddly for an expatriate, Pound married his economics and social views to nativist, racist, and conspiracy theories that propelled him more and more into anti-Semitism, seeing in the Jewish capitalist or banker the arch-example of modern immoralism and ruthlessness. Like so many Americans born during the Gilded Age (Bryan is a good example), Pound was appalled by the turn American history had taken. "Pound shared with Brooks Adams," Redman writes, "an essentially tragic view of American history according to which the country had lost its original purpose and heritage."

During the Second World War, Pound broadcast to America over Radio Rome, praising Mussolini and criticizing Roosevelt's war policy, though in 1932 he had been somewhat hopeful about FDR. A fact that H. L. Mencken had earlier pointed out in correspondence with Pound, which Redman stresses, is that Pound, who left America in 1908, was simply more and more out of touch with his native land. Pound's broadcasts make sad reading, not only for their grotesque anti-Semitism and Aryan nativist racism but for a specially poignant sense that the velocity, enormity, and variety of the changes taking place in the interwar period had simply overwhelmed Pound, and that his idealized visions of the older America, the new Italy, and the meaning of World War II were necessities for the soul rather than determinations of the intelligence.

Writers from Marx to Daniel Bell have remarked on the revolutionary, destabilizing effects of capitalism, its profoundly anticonservative cultural consequences. Marxism was a brutal remedy worse than the sickness, but the anarchic and subversive character of "market outcomes" in the cultural sphere is still with us. Though supposedly the modernist *par excellence*, Pound emerges from Redman's book as a conservative in a radical age. In his *Guide to Kulchur* (1938), Pound asserted that "rapacity is the main force in our time in the Occident," as it has since become worldwide. His own response to the fact has a certain tragic grandeur and pathos.

Michael D. Aeschliman teaches English at the University of Virginia.

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Passionate and Incorruptible

by J.O. Tate

Kristin: A Reading
by Andrew Lytle
Columbia: University of Missouri Press; 112 pp., $17.95

◆

This beautiful little book—one that does much credit to its publisher—appears as a blessing amid the clutter and noise and ugliness that characterize the publishing industry as well as literary discourse today. A pleasure to hold and to behold, this volume is also the vehicle for rendering words, thoughts, and values that seem new because they are traditional, and indeed are new because of the controlled brilliance of their exposition. This essay or monograph, in other words, is to be prized not only for what it says but for what it does not say.

Kristin must be approached through its layers of context. First, it is a reading of the trilogy known collectively as *Kristin Lavransdatter* (1920-22), the most famous work of Sigrid Undset (1882-1949), the Danish-born Norwegian who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1928. *Kristin Lavransdatter* is not a book one hears much about today, but it ought to be. It has sometimes been called the greatest of historical novels, and its author the greatest writer of her sex. Epic in scope, realistic in detail, and spiritual in focus, Undset's vision of medieval Norway is brooding, comprehensive, and unsentimental. Undset's spiritually attuned sensibility led her to a conversion to Roman Catholicism in 1924 (a commitment clearly anticipated in her great novel). As a logical consequence of her Christian principles, the Nazis burned her books. Sigrid Undset, in her essays, rejected humanism, liberalism, materialism, science, and psychology—and I mention these aspects of her life not only because Mr. Lytle does not address them directly, but because such ideas suggest a connection with the prophetic power of Flannery O'Connor, who studied the writing of fiction with Andrew Lytle. *Kristin* is a reading of Undset's novel, and the values that are inferred are the medieval and Christian ones we would expect from the period, from Undset—and from Lytle. It is also the expression of a particular personality, one sympathetic to Undset's vision and technique, as well as the product of a great American man of letters—perhaps our greatest living author—in his 90th year.

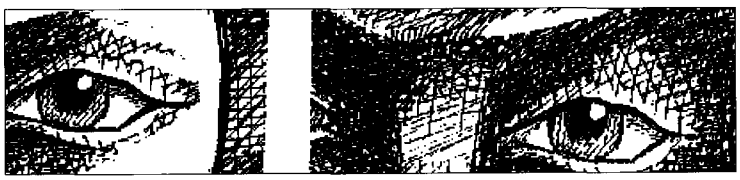
In his incisive and illuminating foreword to *Kristin*, Professor Thomas Carlson of the University of the South recounts how Andrew Lytle, an inspiring teacher of history, reading, and writing, used *Kristin Lavransdatter* in the late 1970's to replace *War and Peace* in his classes at Sewanee, and how he read from this essay in Savannah in June 1991 as commissioned by St. John's Church there as part of its sesquicentennial celebration. *Kristin* embodies some of the ideas and insights that Lytle uniquely imparted to his students and later shared with other audiences and friends. The work of a brilliant reader of fiction—certainly one of the most penetrating and refreshing critics of great fiction that America has produced—*Kristin* belongs with Lytle's *The Hero With the Private Parts* (1966) and the expanded *Southerners and Europeans* (1988), both mandatory gatherings of compelling literary interpretations.

But if *Kristin* expresses the teacher and the critic, it shows the artist as well, for it emerges from the imagination that formed *The Long Night* (1936), *At the Moon's Inn* (1941), and *The Velvet Horn* (1957), powerful novels of historical vision and Christian sensibility that have a certain affinity with the finest works of Sigrid Undset. As Professor Carlson points out, Andrew Lytle's essay on Emma Bovary, "In Defense of a Passionate and Incorruptible Heart," prompted Allen Tate to observe that Lytle wrote "about *Madame Bovary* as if he had written Flaubert's masterpiece." The title of that essay was already taken when he later addressed the "inordinate passion" of Kristin Lavransdatter, but the sympathy, the understanding, and the heightened imaginative response were in no way forestalled. Andrew Lytle writes about *Kristin Lavransdatter* as though he had written Undset's masterpiece.

Fusing historical knowledge, theological perception, artistic insight, moral awareness, and sheer readerly intuition, he gets under the book's skin and wears it as his own. The intensity of apprehension sometimes transcends the distinction between Undset's fictional discourse and Lytle's own voice, bridging a logical gap by way of a thoroughgoing identification with, and even a unifying love of, a text whose author is nowhere mentioned in this reading. Complete identification can go no further, so that Undset's novel has already become "Kristin's saga" in Lytle's first two words. This reading is of an overwhelming reality, not of what someone or other merely inscribed or typed.

Such an approach can only be judged by its results, one of which paradoxically is to emphasize the stature of Undset's achievement by pointing to its universal import; for if Lytle reads as if he had written Undset's *magnum opus*, Undset wrote as if she had comprehended Norway, the Middle Ages, and human destiny. Andrew Lytle's "reading" not only clarifies for us the meaning of

LIBERAL ARTS



SINUS ATTACK

Atheist Allergy Sufferers (AAS) is an organization recently formed in response to a commercial message on a tissue box. Outraged by the message, "Kleenex says God Bless You," red-nosed unbelievers have asked the ACLU to join in their suit against the Kimberly-Clark Company. Claiming the right to privacy extends to the sinuses, the president of AAS declared that if the group loses the case, he will consider cutting off his nose to spite his face.

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realistic images and what they symbolize (as we might expect a critic to do), but instructs us in interpreting the meaning of human actions and failures and their relation to "the enveloping action," the larger motion that is so often scanted by contemporary interpreters who have not the insight and the world view of Andrew Lytle. His comprehensive understanding of Undset's vision, of the balance of medieval culture, includes the obligations of mother and father, wife and husband, daughter and son, vassal and lord, parishioners and priest, the private and the public, the spiritual and the carnal, and life and death. At the end, to see "the divine connection between the renewing snow and the plague's holocaust," and to see a mother's death as an instruction in the mystery of creation, is to stare deep not only into *Kristin Lavransdatter* but into something that surpasses literary criticism as well as mundane understanding.

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

A Ride Into the Sunset

by Gregory McNamee

Where the Bluebird Sings to the Lemonade Springs: Living and Writing in the West
by Wallace Stegner
New York: Random House;
227 pp., $21.00

◆

At the age of 83, Wallace Stegner is the *éminence grise* of Western American literature, a man responsible for shaping the writing not only of the region but also that of points eastward, thanks to the scores of graduates from the Stanford writing program that bears his name. Stegner's work, regrettably, sells far less than that of lesser transplants like, say, Gretel Ehrlich or Bret Easton Ellis. Regrettably, I say, because his books are exemplary, whether novels like *Angle of Repose*, biographies like *The Uneasy Chair* and *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*, or historical studies like *Mormon Country*. Regrettably, too, because Stegner—the American writer most deserving of the Nobel Prize in Literature—still has much to tell us.

He reiterates some of the themes of his life's work in *Where the Bluebird Sings to the Lemonade Springs*, collecting essays on a range of subjects. Among the most successful are those that open the book, memoirs of Stegner's long tenure as a Westerner. In them, he writes affectingly of his parents; his father, a speculator who dragged his family from one dusty town to another in search of easy riches and "died broke and friendless in a fleabag hotel, having in his lifetime done more human and environmental damage than he could have repaired in a second lifetime," his mother prematurely aged by a rootless life marked by one humiliation after another. Stegner has never been quite so open with his past, and his reflections help set the body of his writing in clearer context. The title of his collection similarly derives from a pole in Stegner's upbringing: Harry McClintock's hobo ballad of 1928, "The Big Rock Candy Mountain," which promised that drifters would find in the West a land dripping with cool streams of alcohol and teeming with handouts growing from every bush. Those images have haunted Stegner for seven decades (*The Big Rock Candy Mountain* is one of his early novels). They evoke all that is right and wrong with the West: a land full of riches, but full of fool's promises as well.

Years ago, Stegner called the West "hope's native home." He is less buoyant today. Indeed, many of the essays in the second section of his book, dealing with the West as a series of environments, are marked by an unwonted despair. Regarding the arid lands of the West as "less a place than a process," he now sees reason for us to abandon hope at its gates, now that its great cities are "growing to the limits of their water and beyond, like bacterial cultures overflowing the edges of their agar dishes and beginning to sicken on their own wastes"; now that the irreparable damage of its vast irrigational "plumbing" projects is becoming increasingly apparent; now that the "western myths that aggrandized arrogance, machismo, vigilante or sidearm justice, and the oversimplified good-guy/bad-guy moralities invented mainly by East Coast dudes fascinated by the romantic figure of the horseman, and happily appropriated by a lot of horsemen and sidearm Galahads as self-justification," which Stegner has long hoped to dispel, have come to be taken for history itself.

This is not the diplomatic, eminently reasonable Stegner we have come to know through thirty-odd books. In his last years, Stegner, it seems, is becoming a cultural rebel, disinclined to roll with the punches. He recently declined a National Medal for the Arts, citing his dislike for the politicization of American arts in general and the government's role in the culture business generally. He is equally quick to condemn the private sector's current crop of get-rich-quick hucksters who guide the West's economy and politics—the Sagebrush Rebellion jockeys and welfare ranchers—for their overall role in the nation's destruction. In the last matter, his essay "A Brief History of Conservation" is a hallmark of political discourse.

The closing section of *Where the Bluebird Sings to the Lemonade Springs* is given over to Stegner's disquisitions on writers and writing. He pays homage to two near-contemporaries, George R. Stewart—a forgotten author whose work deserves a new audience—and Walter van Tilburg Clark, the author of the fine novels *The Ox-Bow Incident* and *The City of Trembling Leaves*, and to his former student Wendell Berry, the Kentucky farmer, writer, and critic of industrial agriculture. He turns to his own work as well, explaining that he writes "to make sense of my life" (a good enough reason, and a characteristically modest one at that) and offering an observation that beginning writers would do well to memorize:

> You take something that is important to you, something you have brooded about. You try to see it as clearly as you can, and to fix it in a transferable equivalent. . . . Sure, it's autobiography. Sure, it's fiction. Either way, if you have done it right, it's true.

"The land will not be lived in except in its own fashion," Mary Austin once remarked of the West. The history of the region has been marked for two centuries by a willful disregard for the land's logic. That has riled Wallace Stegner to new passions, and we should be glad to have his anger and his fine new book.

Gregory McNamee is a freelance writer living in Tucson, Arizona.

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Limits to Litigation

by Jim Christie

The Hollow Hope: Can Courts Bring About Social Change?
by Gerald N. Rosenberg
Chicago: The University of Chicago Press; 424 pp., $29.95

◆

Gerald N. Rosenberg, an assistant professor of political science and an instructor in law at the University of Chicago, has some simple advice for activists who think a United States Supreme Court ruling is an end-all: not only are you wrong, but your money is better spent out of court than in court.

In *The Hollow Hope*, Rosenberg takes to task the civil and women's rights movements for making the Supreme Court the battleground for social change. Looking at *Brown* v. *Board of Education* and *Roe* v. *Wade*, the most celebrated legal cases of these respective movements, Rosenberg finds that neither case provided for the substantial type of social reform activists currently credit them with producing.

Indeed, Rosenberg disagrees from the outset with the long-held litigious strategy of many in the civil rights movement, in which *Brown* is spoken of with awe and reverence. Rosenberg's research reveals that the *Brown* ruling was hardly "the most important political, social, and legal event in America's twentieth century history" or the "paradigmatic event" civil rights lawyers claim. Instead, he finds the Supreme Court to have been impatient but unable to implement *Brown* until the Civil Rights Act of 1964—a full decade later—owing to a lack of supportive political and public opinion.

The numbers Rosenberg presents are convincing and bear out his contention that congressional legislation, presidential resolve, and evolving public opinion did more for blacks in Southern public schools than did the *Brown* ruling. For example, in 1959-60, five years after *Brown* overturned *Plessy* v. *Furguson*'s separate-but-equal ruling, only .16 percent of black children in the South were attending elementary and secondary schools with white children. By comparison, five years after the Civil Rights Act in 1969, 32 percent of black children in the South had been integrated into the region's public schools. "The statistics from the Southern states are truly amazing. For ten years, 1954-64, virtually nothing happened," says Rosenberg. "Despite the unanimity and the forcefulness of the Brown opinion, the Supreme Court's reiteration of its position and its steadfast refusal to yield, its decree was flagrantly disobeyed. . . . As Judge Wisdom put it, writing in the Jefferson County case, 'the courts acting alone have failed.'"

Congress, the executive branch, and the federal agencies, following the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, Rosenberg argues, were the real catalysts for desegregation reform in the South. He reminds the reader of the power of the federal purse: "When the federal government made money available to local school districts that desegregated, it loosed a powerful and attractive force on segregated schools. This was particularly true in the South because that region spent less on schools, as measured by the percentage of total personal income, than any region in the country." Federal funds definitely seemed to have spurred social change. Mississippi, for example, in 1963-65 received only $13 million in federal funds for its state school system and had only .02 percent of black children in school with white children. By 1971, 91.5 percent of Mississippi's black children attended integrated public schools, which were drawing $99.4 million in federal funds.

Rosenberg also credits leadership at the executive level for having contributed to the desegregation movement by creating a "political climate" in which *Brown* could be enforced. It is hard to argue against this point, considering the evolution from the Eisenhower administration's cautious approach toward civil rights to the Johnson administration's enforcement of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Far more important than presidential fiat, however, is the fact that American society as a whole was becoming less tolerant of segregation and more sympathetic toward the civil rights movement as events and the people who launched them—the Montgomery Bus Boycott, the Little Rock crisis, the Freedom Riders, the murders of Medgar Evers and three other civil rights workers near Philadelphia, Mississippi, and the Birmingham Demonstrations—were brought to the attention of the public through the mass media. "While it must be the case that Court action influenced some people," writes Rosenberg, "I have found no evidence that this influence was widespread or of much importance to the battle for civil rights. The evidence suggests that *Brown*'s major positive impact was limited to reinforcing the belief in a legal strategy for change of those already committed to it."

Likewise, he says, for *Roe* v. *Wade*: "Relying on the civil rights movement as an example of a successful use of courts to produce significant social reform, and assuming 'congruence between civil rights and women's rights, groups were formed to litigate women's rights issues. Money, time, and talent were poured into the litigation strategy. What were the results?" Not much. Abortion was already a socially—but not legally—acceptable procedure by the time of *Roe* in 1973. According to Rosenberg's numbers, the rate of increase of abortions from 1970 to 1973 is not markedly different from that between 1973 and 1980. What is more, the real revolution with regard to abortion rights came prior to *Roe*—the high-water mark of the women's movement—and occurred within the state courts, the forums today's abortion rights activists despise and dread. Before *Roe*, the federal government treated the question of abortion with "benign neglect," as a matter for the states—many of which Rosenberg describes as having been extremely receptive to abortion rights—to decide. "In 1967, there was an outbreak of legislative activity to liberalize abortion law. Reform bills were introduced in 28 states, including California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Maryland, Oklahoma, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania." By the early 1970's benign neglect was firmly entrenched: "Despite his personal anti-abortion beliefs, President Nixon did not take active steps to limit abortion. While his opponent in the 1972 presidential election, Senator George McGovern, was dubbed by some Republicans the 'triple A' candidate (Abortion, Acid, Amnesty), where it mattered the Nixon administration was silent."

After celebrating their victory in *Roe*, women's and abortion rights activists failed to protect their flanks in Congress, where anti-abortion legislation was starting to breed. They also lost sight of their goals at the community level, where the pro-life movement was in its fetal stage.

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Now these activists, still determined to defend *Roe* at all costs, find themselves Johnny-come-latelies to street-level politics practiced on the doorsteps of abortion clinics in Wichita and Buffalo.

Admirers of *Brown* and advocates of *Roe* have, in Rosenberg's opinion, simply overestimated the effectual importance of these two decisions by the Supreme Court. *Brown* was not implemented until there was an almost nationwide improvement in race relations, while today the backers of *Roe* v. *Wade* find themselves overextended, fighting for *Roe* not only in the Supreme Court but in all 50 states, locality by locality. Rosenberg concludes that activists' money, time, and talent would be better spent attempting to mold public rather than judicial opinion if sustained social reform is their goal. "Social reformers, with limited resources, forgo other options when they elect to litigate. Those options are mainly political and involve mobilizing citizens to participate more effectively. . . . [W]hile such exercises [as *Brown* and *Roe*] may make for fine reading constitutional-law textbooks, they seldom bring reform any closer." Obviously, this is a lesson that hasn't been lost on Operation Rescue.

Jim Christie is a staff writer for the California Republic.

War and the Social Life

by James Thornton

The Conduct of War: 1789-1961
by Major-General J.F.C. Fuller
New York: Da Capo Press;
352 pp., $14.95

◆

British Major-General John Frederick Charles Fuller is remembered today as one of the great strategists and military historians of this century. Always controversial, he is renowned for such works as *The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant* (1929), *Grant and Lee: A Study in Personality and Generalship* (1933), the monumental *A Military History of the Western World* (three volumes, 1954-56), *The Generalship of Alexander the Great* (1958), and *Julius Caesar: Man, Soldier, and Tyrant* (1965). So prolific a writer was he that before his death in 1966 he had completed and published 45 books and innumerable essays and articles.

General Fuller's fame as a strategist is such that he is sometimes called the "20th-century Clausewitz." One of the first to understand the significance of the tank and to anticipate accurately the upheaval that this invention would engender, he became an early and uncompromising advocate of mechanization. In some respects, his ideas were the logical outgrowth of his service as commander of the Royal Tank Corps during World War I. Yet Fuller was not a conventional British officer. A visionary of sorts and possessed of an extraordinarily agile mind, his thoughts leaped decades beyond those of other military men. The war of the future, he predicted in the 1920's, would be one of movement and fluidity and would not be a repeat of the bloody stalemate of 1914-1918. During the period between the two great European wars, the general staffs of both Britain and France not only failed to grasp these theories but took pains to ridicule them.

Fuller was undaunted and continued his provocative writing. The cumulative weight of his blunt criticism was finally too much for the military establishment to bear, and he was retired in 1933. It is typical of the man that his autobiography, published in 1936, has as its motto a quotation from Heraclitus printed boldly on the title page: "Asses would rather have refuse than gold." This was a parting shot at the hidebound obstinacy of the Imperial General Staff, since for them and for the French nothing changed after 1914. France, as we know, opted for the ultimate in trench warfare, the Maginot Line, which Fuller at the time dubbed the "tomb of France." Despite such warnings, strategic thinking among the Allies remained imbedded firmly—and disastrously—in the past. German military planners, however, were not so slow-witted. Men such as Guderian and Rommel understood what Fuller was talking about. Thirty thousand copies of Fuller's manual on armored warfare were published in Germany. In contrast, the English published only 500 copies. Of course, when the Blitzkrieg overwhelmed France in an avalanche of steel in 1940, Fuller's theories were at last recognized as sound.

The Conduct of War is part of a series of reprints of General Fuller's most valuable contributions to military history. It was written when the author was over eighty years old and represents a careful distillation of his lifetime of study.

He begins by noting that Arnold Toynbee was once perplexed by the fact that with the birth of democratic government war had suddenly become more ferocious than ever before, though (in Toynbee's view) democracy's roots were fed by notions of Christian love and brotherhood. How, with these antecedents, was it possible for democracy to act in so antisocial a manner? Toynbee, it seems, was never able to satisfactorily solve his enigma.

Fuller maintains that Toynbee's question is legitimate, "because the understanding of the problem of war is wrapped up in its correct answer." Fuller insists that this answer may be found not in abstractions but in the very nature of the human being, who at best is only partly civilized and who, with a minimum of prompting, will quickly revert to his primitive ways. Moreover, democracy is not rooted in Christian love. On the contrary, the idea is "as great a myth as Rousseau's 'noble savage.'" Instead, he tells us, "the motive force of democracy is not love of others, it is the hate of all outside the tribe, faction, party or nation. The 'general will' predicates total war, and hate is the most puissant of recruiters."

The foregoing reveals much about the *leitmotif* of this volume, which is that the French, Industrial, and Russian revolutions (such a peculiar embodiment

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of democratic ideals) set in motion forces that transformed civilized society and its concept of warfare. The author asserts that for several hundred years prior to the French Revolution war had slowly come to be limited and even somewhat humane. Armies were small and comprised of professional soldiers, war aims were tightly circumscribed, and, by and large, civilians were left unmolested by battle. However, with the dawn of the age of nationalism and the rise of democratic ideologies, armies expanded to enormous size, new technologies offered ever more efficient methods of devastation, and, perhaps most significantly, the passions of civilian populations were inflamed, and thus mobilized, through the medium of propaganda.

Democratic warfare aimed at the obliteration not only of the enemy's military forces but of his government and noncombatants, along with their homes and places of work. "Unconditional surrender" became a watchword, and war was once again "total." Moreover, Fuller remarks, this cycle of amplified brutality appears to have no end: from the Napoleonic Wars springs the Franco-Prussian War; the Franco-Prussian War gives birth to the First World War; that catastrophe, in turn, leads to yet another world war; the Second World War sets the stage for the Cold War, and so on. Each new war, though it held forth promises of decisive results and lasting peace ("the war to end all wars," "the war to make the world safe for democracy," etc.), served instead to usher in a fresh and more barbarous sequel. Only with the Cold War did the universal savagery seem slightly to abate, and that, according to Fuller, came about only with the development of weapons of mass destruction and a threat to the existence of both victor and vanquished. Yet, even this is illusion. Our age, he says somberly, is one of random terrorism, fierce regional conflicts, and permanent emergency: "Today, fear of annihilation grips every heart; no longer are there any signs of stability, or feelings of security, and, as bad, no bonds of honour or even of common decency bind the nations together."

Fuller, an avid reader of Thomas Carlyle, espoused the "great men" theory of history. He therefore devotes much of this book to leaders who have contributed to the shape of modern warfare and determined the course of contemporary events: Napoleon, Moltke, Foch, Lenin, Hitler, Churchill, and Stalin, among others. Clausewitz, "the father of modern war," receives the most comprehensive treatment, "because he was the first and remains one of the few who grasped that war 'belongs to the province of social life.'"

The Conduct of War received laudatory reviews when it first appeared, including one from another military historian and pioneer, Basil Henry Liddell Hart, who considered it Fuller's finest book. It is indeed fascinating to read. Like all of Fuller's historical works, this book is filled with a rich eloquence and vivid imagery that one does not usually expect from the pen of a professional soldier. In addition, it is marked by an impatience with and a contempt for the delusions and banalities of our era and by astringent judgments against the feckless dilettantes and unscrupulous opportunists who have led a once great civilization to the very edge of the precipice.

Father James Thornton is an Orthodox priest, editor of Orthodox Tradition *magazine, and a research associate at the Center for Traditionalist Orthodox Studies in Etna, California.*

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The Campus Security Cost Scam.

Conservative speakers are rare at the University of Illinois. That's why Illinois student, Celeste Ann Lawson, asked Young America's Foundation to sponsor a lecture at her school by 75th U.S. Attorney General Edwin Meese.

But five days before the event she was informed by a campus dean that because Mr. Meese was an "attractive nuisance" there might be a disruption of his speech. So to pay for the "necessary" security, Celeste and the other conservatives would have to fork over $400 or have the lecture cancelled. But Celeste and her friends weren't about to cave in. They called the governor of the state as well as other state officials to protest. The next day the campus Chief of Police called Celeste to tell her that the university would "absorb" the cost of security. On the night of the lecture Mr. Meese appeared before a crowd of 1,000 enthusiastic students in spite of the scheming of the school administration.

Unfortunately, the story doesn't end here. Because the security cost scam is a common tactic that liberal campus administrators use to discourage students from inviting conservative speakers to their schools. Security costs are never demanded for the appearances of speakers on the left. But they have been attempted against conservative students at institutions such as Hamilton College, Georgetown University, and others.

Don't let your deans railroad you. We're helping students like Celeste Lawson with speakers, advice and literature. If the security cost scam is being used against you, let us know.

If you need our help, we want to hear from you. Or if you would like to help Young America's Foundation to assist students like Celeste Lawson, please contact us.

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Letter From Virginia

by Anne Marie Morgan

Redistricting Apartheid

Elbridge Gerry's infamous salamander district pales in comparison to the monster-like menagerie birthed in redistricted states that fall under the preclearance requirement of Section Five of the federal Voting Rights Act. Although Virginia's state constitution requires that "every electoral district shall be composed of contiguous and compact territory," the feds overruled it and mandated that Virginia's recently reapportioned electoral boundaries incorporate districts contoured like a hooded cobra, snapping alligator, terrier head, half-eaten apple, seahorse, rooster, and an upside-down, tailless Trojan horse. One serpentine district is now 180 miles long and only four miles wide in one section, spanning the rural tobacco counties of Southside Virginia to urban Portsmouth near the Atlantic Coast—a violation of the historical norm that election districts encompass "communities of interest" and not split the political subdivisions of localities. To accumulate the prescribed percentage of minority voters per "majority-minority" district, even some voting *precincts* are split under Virginia's new plans, a source of considerable consternation and confusion to would-be voters, who go to the polls and find unfamiliar names.

The 1965 Voting Rights Act departed from previous civil rights laws in that it singled out the old Confederacy states for unique regulation. Under congressional presumption that low voter registration or turnout signified deliberate racial discrimination, the act applied automatically to any state that fell under one or both of the following conditions: use of a literacy test as a prerequisite for voting in the 1964 presidential election, and voter registration and turnout of less than 50 percent in that election. Although the black vote provided the margin of victory for Lyndon Johnson in Virginia in 1964, under both counts the act was applied to Virginia, with one immediate effect being termination of its literacy test—a test that had been liberally given for decades to both white Republicans and anti-Byrd Democrats.

In 1970, the act was extended for five years, and in 1975 for another seven. Since 1965, Section Five of the act has had the effect of requiring *all* Virginia voting law changes—congressional, state, and local electoral boundaries, voting registration or procedures, designation of polling places, terms of all elective offices, party plans, nomination processes, shifts from elective to appointive offices, redistricting patterns, methods of election—to be submitted for "preclearance" to the U. S. Department of Justice or to the U. S. District Court for the District of Columbia. Any state or locality submitting changes was burdened with proving that the changes were not discriminatory in purpose or effect.

In 1982, the act was extended for 25 more years and further amended, with Congress attaching an additional "results" test in Section Two. In 1987, the Justice Department altered its regulations to correspond to the 1982 revision. These new regulations made it obvious that all changes submitted for preclearance would be denied if the Department of Justice thought that the proposals would cause a racially discriminatory "result"—even if no deliberate intent could be proven.

The effect of preclearance is enormous, as jurisdictions bend over backwards to avoid even the slightest, unanticipated appearance of racial discrimination. The requirement has proven to be an onerous burden to states and localities: in practical effect, no matter how convoluted or strange the district, if Justice bureaucrats think that "majority-minority" voting districts can be carved in a locality or throughout the state, then a jurisdiction must carve them out or have its plans denied—even if a district has *lost* minority population since its previous preclearance approval at the last population census. The new district boundaries are, paradoxically, modern de jure segregation.

Prior to Virginia's most recent redistricting conflagration, a dozen municipalities had their plans altered through Department of Justice objections, consent decrees, or court orders. Richmond was enjoined by a federal court order from holding councilmanic elections for seven years, until local officials backed down and consented to single-member ward elections. Newport News, which decided through an 85 percent favorable vote in a local referendum to directly elect a mayor, was forbidden to do so by the Justice Department upon discovery that city officials had not sufficiently precleared two other minor changes. And these examples represent only the tip of the iceberg. For nearly thirty years, the state of Virginia has stumbled over its share of redistricting obstacles, including complaints by special interest groups (especially the ACLU and the NAACP), Justice, and the U. S. Supreme Court and federal court imposed interventions.

Last year's redistricting fights over Virginia's legislative and congressional districts included squabbles over the definition of "black majority": did this term signify a majority of the total black population or rather a majority of the "voting-age" black population, as asserted by the NAACP. The latter interpretation prevailed. The Department of Justice even rejected the reapportionment plan for the Virginia House of Delegates on the recommendation of the ACLU and NAACP, which asserted that the legislature's numerical increase in black-majority districts was insufficient and that at least one more such district could be sculptured. This grievance was filed in spite of the fact that the initial House plan was approved by the General Assembly's joint Black Caucus and by the legislature's Democratic majority and signed by the state's black Governor, Douglas Wilder. A chastened legislature then bowed to ACLU wishes and, after three tries, including a gubernatorial veto and amendments, submitted a state Senate plan that the Justice Department would authorize. This plan's division of the representation pie (among other things) handed Richmond yet another senator—in spite of the fact that the city had *lost* population since 1980.

The legislature-approved plans were noteworthy for their incumbency protection of insider Democratic lawmakers and for their punishment of nonpolitically correct outsiders, Republicans, en-

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emies of the governor, and other perceived ne'er-do-wells. One Republican's district was deliberately drawn five blocks away from his house. Another Republican was drawn out of her own House district; when she declared for the state Senate, she was then drawn out of her Senate district. A number of Republicans uprooted their households and relocated in order to run for reelection in their own districts. When 15 Republicans and one Independent were "paired" into single House districts (no Democrats were paired except for one delegate who had declared for the state Senate), Republicans filed a lawsuit against the plan in U. S. District Court. The judge concurred that it was a dreadful case of blatantly partisan gerrymandering but said that he could do nothing about it. Another case, filed in circuit court by rural Southside localities, charged that the plans for a new serpentine and two other districts diluted communities of interest and violated state constitutional contiguity and compactness requirements. They also lost.

The Justice Department rejected the plans of five localities. One county, Powhatan, took a strong stand and resubmitted its plan, appealing directly to the U. S. Attorney General after its local elections (as well as those of other localities) were postponed indefinitely by the Justice Department. Powhatan's case is particularly interesting because it illustrates inherent problems with redistricting. Black population has declined from 20.46 percent to 15.57 percent of the total population and is scattered in communities throughout the whole of the rural county—making compact black districts an impossibility. Justice also ordered a change in how Powhatan included the resident state prison population in the county's black-majority district plan—although felons do not vote in Virginia.

In his letter to the U. S. Attorney General, Powhatan Board of Supervisors Chairman R. Lee Ware asked for intervention to prevent the Justice Department from "wittingly or unwittingly damaging the community and polity" of the homes of the county's residents. Ware noted that Justice's black-majority district boundaries "loop, squiggle, and jog across uncrossable terrain without regard to either geography or actual communities of people." He emphasized that "Powhatan is not two communities, one white, one black. We are one community, black and white." He added that the department's order "is both philosophically wrong and practically destructive—wrong for all concerned, and destructive of a whole-cloth community." "[W]e not only reject, but are offended by, the suggestion that federal voting-rights statutes mean to imply that only a white can in public life represent the interests of white citizens, or that only a black can in public office represent the interests of black citizens." Indeed, the more a community is integrated—the more it has penetrated the "intermediate color line" of housing and jobs—the more difficult it is to fulfill the federal mandate.

Powhatan is now proceeding under the assumption that Justice will permit their local elections to be held in November—after a year's delay. Currently, Brunswick County is fighting Justice's decision to reject its new plan and to cancel its November election. Justice is also looking askance at a new state statute permitting local-option referenda for directly elected school boards, and 20 localities with that question on November's ballot may have to postpone or cancel their referenda. Virginia remains the only state in the nation without an elected school board option. (Additionally, Virginia has no elected judges.)

In a supreme twist of irony, the preclearance requirement and the 1965 U. S. Supreme Court *Mann* v. *Davis* decision, which initiated the reapportionment mandate of "one man, one vote" (now called "one person, one vote"), has resulted in banned voting for months or years in some localities, in less representative government by duly elected officials (as well as less direct democracy), and in decreased turnout for baffled, disaffected voters who see no natural logic in being "moved" to other districts marked by geographical and political disorder.

The same federal officials who find South Africa's segregated townships reprehensible apparently see no inconsistency with approving the deliberate, de jure, reservation-like partitioning of communities to prejudice electoral outcomes. As Ware commented, "The federal authorities are convinced that everyone in the South is racist, and they are making sure that the South knows it is still under Reconstruction."

In order to escape from under the federal boot of preclearance, not one complaint—founded or unfounded—can be filed to Justice against a state for a full ten years. Don't look for that to happen in Virginia any time soon. The ambitious lawmaking majority and the special interest groups know how to wield absolute power when they've seized it.

Anne Marie Morgan writes from Chesterfield.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

The New America

◆

Yeah, I know we've got two Southerners running on the Democratic ticket. Don't rub it in, OK? As Miss Scarlett used to say, I'll think about it tomorrow. Let's talk about sports.

As you probably know, in four years jocks and TV cameramen from around the world will converge on Dixie for the next Olympic Games. Atlanta beat out Athens (the one in Greece) for the privilege of playing host that year, a victory all the sweeter because 1996 will mark the 100th anniversary of the modern Games. Georgia in July is not where I would choose to exert myself, but I guess the folks who make the decision aren't the same ones who do the exerting. Anyway, those of us who enjoy secondary sweat will be seeing a lot of it.

We'll also be seeing a lot of Atlanta, which is pretty much the point as far as the boosters are concerned. Years ago, W. J. Cash wrote about the skyscrapers going up in Southern towns with "little more use for them than a hog has for a morning coat" that these buildings were erected just for the glory of it, another "native gesture of an incurably romantic people, enamored before all else of the magnificent and the spectacular." That observation helped me understand the Knoxville and New Orleans World Fairs, financial catastrophes but nevertheless successes, and it helps explain Atlanta's obsession with the Olympics, too. Besides, Scarlett's hometown and this quadrennial festival of commercialism and jingoism were made for each

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other.

On the bright side, there's no question that the Barcelona Olympics were great for the morale of Catalonia, and the 1996 Games could be equally bracing for the South. My buddy Chris was impressed, for instance, by how the International Olympic Committee was bullied into using Catalan as one of the official languages at Barcelona. "The sports commentators," he wrote me, "mindlessly reading what they were handed, told us that 'Catalan is not a dialect of Castilian,' which is technically correct. Similarly, Southern English is not a dialect of Nebraskan." Chris wants to start a campaign for both Yankee and Southern English announcements in Atlanta, and I think that's a splendid idea. It would be deeply satisfying to hear "The javelin competition will begin momentarily" also rendered as "The spear-chuckin' contest is fixin' to commence directly." You all want to form a national committee?

Anyway, seriously, the Atlanta Games could be very good for the South. But that's not the way they're shaping up. As it happens, I was in Atlanta just after the Olympics, when Atlantans were all agog about what they'd let themselves in for. At supper one night I listened to Michael Lomax, the articulate chairman of the Fulton County Board of Commissioners, who had just returned from Barcelona and was talking about how Atlanta is going to do it better. What he had to say was troubling. Although Barcelona managed to present itself as both an emerging world city and the proud capital of a proud region with a distinguished history and culture, it sounds as if Atlanta is fixing to pretend that it's not a Southern city at all. When a couple of us objected that Atlanta's plans seemed to be ignoring the city's history and regional context, Lomax cheerfully agreed. Atlanta has been the capital of the New South for the last hundred years, he said, and it's time to move on. "We plan to present Atlanta as the New America." Now, *that's* a scary thought. Take away its history and its status as the South's de facto capital and the only thing remarkable about Atlanta is the number and variety of its "table-dancing" establishments.

But I do understand the impulse. In the first place, Catalonia can afford to be proud: it's pretty much carrying the rest of Spain economically. The South, though, is still to some degree a colonial dependency. Emphasizing our cultural distinctiveness and separatist history could be bad for business, discouraging outside investment—and nowhere does that argument carry more weight than in Atlanta.

Moreover, like Michael Lomax, most members of Atlanta's political elite these days are black, and when V. S. Naipaul toured the South not long ago, he was struck by black Southerners' almost willful lack of interest in their own and their region's history. Although Naipaul may not have met a representative sample, his observations certainly apply to Lomax and his colleagues, but this is the first post-segregation generation, and like first-generation immigrants elsewhere in the U. S. they may prefer to emphasize their American future, not a past that they find painful. Personally I'd rather they forget it ("move on," as Lomax put it) than dwell exclusively on their historical grievances, but I hope those aren't the only choices.

In any case, just because I understand what Atlanta's doing doesn't mean I *like it*. The South, as a friend of mine is fond of saying, is a region with more than a future, and I'm happy to say that ignoring Atlanta's heritage may be easier said than done. Several events have been scheduled for nearby Stone Mountain, for instance, and Lomax acknowledged that that's going to be a problem. It'll be easy enough to get rid of the hoopskirted hostesses, but the visages carved in the "Mount Rushmore of the Confederacy" will be a little harder to obscure, and if the television cameras don't linger on those figures it will be a triumph for Atlanta's p.r. people. (Alas, we can probably also count on announcers informing us that it was on Stone Mountain that the founding of the second Ku Klux Klan was marked with a giant flaming cross, a fact that few Atlantans, nostalgic or otherwise, want to dwell on, and I'm with them there.)

A taste of what we can expect from Official Atlanta in the next four years was given to viewers of the Barcelona Games' closing ceremonies when the city unveiled the mascot for the 1996 Games, a blue, computer-designed noid called "the Whatizit." (Incidentally, the dancer inside the Whatizit turns out to be a graduate of my university, a former head cheerleader—in case you wondered what cheerleaders do when they grow up.) Even the thing's name speaks to the city's loss of identity, and its form—well, one Atlantan described it as just "a g--damn comma," but at least five others took pleasure in telling me that, despite its tennis shoes and lightning-flash eyebrows, it looks like nothing so much as a spermatozoon. (Its race is indeterminate, but we may hear demands for equal time for ova.)

Come to think of it, though, this spermiform critter may be appropriate in a way: Michael Lomax told me that 120,000 condoms were distributed at the Olympic Village, and the Dream Team wasn't even staying there. (He joked about the opportunities for commercial tie-ins. Atlanta humor.) I also read in the paper that visiting Atlantans were impressed by the absence of bikini tops on Spanish beaches and by Barcelona's popular co-ed bathroom with see-through walls. Where's Franco when you need him?

Anyway, even some non-Establishment Atlantans aren't wild about the Whatizit. The city's alternative newspaper found one young woman who liked it ("It's cute, the big blue body and the big eyes"), but even she didn't like the name. Another reader complained that "there must be some venerable symbol of Atlanta culture that bespeaks our heritage as well as our future." Even as a symbol of the future, he said, "I prefer to believe the future holds something a little more inspiring for us than an amorphous blue blob." A recent arrival added, "Just moving here from the North, I was expecting so much more. I was expecting something representative of the South, like Southern hospitality, which is known throughout the country, not some animal that no one knows what it is or what it's about." Exactly. The man who said that, by the way, is black.

It wouldn't have been hard to come up with something better. I can do it myself. So Georgia, like the rest of the South, is no longer a rural kind of place and you don't want to use the obvious peach, or peanut? OK, I can live with that. Colonel Rebel (the little Yosemite Sam-like figure usually shown saying "Forget, Hell!") is unemployed, now that Ole Miss has retired him, and so is Chief Nockahoma, who used to pitch his teepee in the Braves' outfield, but even I can see that those guys would have some drawbacks.

Let's just think about animals. One Atlantan suggested roadkill, and I kind

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of like that, but maybe it's not cuddly enough to be commercial. A great choice would have been Br'er Rabbit, a symbol rich in associations: the trickster figure of African-American folk culture lovingly exploited by a white Atlanta newspaperman and now known worldwide thanks to Walt Disney. It's almost a metaphor.

But if he wouldn't do (and it might be misunderstood), then how about Pogo Possum? I think it was Roy Blount Jr.—if not it should have been—who suggested once that Pogo was an appropriate mascot for the entire South, and Pogo's a Georgian, from just down the road in the Okefenokee Swamp. He's cute, he's smart, he's lovable, he's marketable, he's native, and nobody has to ask "What is it?" But no, Atlanta has stuck us with this meaningless, embarrassing *nothing*—in Union blue, no less. Every nation gets the capital it deserves, I guess, but what has the South done to deserve Atlanta?

You'll be hearing more about the struggle for the soul of the 1996 Olympics—or, more precisely, the struggle about whether they are to have any soul. As a matter of fact, you may be hearing more from me next month, if I can bring myself to write about the Georgia state flag controversy.

John Shelton Reed writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and gets his exercise by not owning a remote control for his television.

Letter From Budapest

by Thomas Molnar

Communism, Nationalism, Liberalism

◆

I chose the three words in my title because they summarize the situation in Eastern Europe, a situation simple yet complicated, tragic yet full of hope. I apologize for the clichés, but they become more profound as this article proceeds.

Notwithstanding those who advertise the "clear and present danger" of a communist comeback (and who would otherwise become intellectually unemployed—without compensation), there is no such danger, not even locally. This does not mean that no nostalgia for communism exists, for it does: among masses of people whom privatization reduces to an even deeper misery and among intellectuals who regret the passing of the good old times when books were inexpensive, the classics abounded, theater and concert tickets were low-priced, and Marxism provided grit for engaging discussions and camouflaged, subtle arguments. Even reliably anti-communist bourgeois will openly tell you that "ten years ago it was better": a steadier income, safety in public places, less crime, more expeditious methods of dealing with criminals, and a public philosophy ostensibly in favor of social issues and economic rescue for the underprivileged (retired people). This may sound strange to Westerners who think in black and white, but consider this: there are now close to three hundred thousand unemployed in Hungary, and the government coldly forecasts a half-million of them by the end of the year! And the iceberg of privatization, a nice word for savage capitalism, shows a growing stratum of brand-new multi-millionaires whose dollars or marks are invested in massage parlors, drug deals, or luxury restaurants.

This explains the relatively flourishing status of the former Communist Party, now called "Socialist," whose members, when told they will not be legally penalized but should at least show repentance, ask: "For what?" For the reintroduction of capitalism and the spreading misery in the coming cold winter?

Yet, I repeat, communism is dead and gone, and what we see in Yugoslavia and Rumania can be explained by Balkan attitudes as old as the Turkish occupation. As far as the other countries are concerned, from the Baltic states to Croatia (minus the incredibly savage war), progress has begun with brilliant initiatives and a tenacious will, showing signs of hope that Prague, Warsaw, Budapest, etc., are heading in the right direction.

But what *is* the right direction? This is where two of the terms used in the title become clearer. Contrary to Mr. Bush's excursion in Latin with the *pax universalis* (who whispered it in his ears?), no such thing is likely to emerge by a long shot. Improvement—and it may take several decades—must choose between two paths: *either* nationalism *or* liberalism. As a Budapest newspaper explained it the other day, there is no such thing as "national liberalism"; the two words, at least in Eastern Europe, are incompatible, regardless of what Western think-tanks conclude. Yet, since politics is also the playing with words, the governments now in power, as well as the opposition parties, aim at regimes and policies that would be both liberal and nationalistic, fully aware that this remains a pious wish. After all, throughout the 19th century *this* was the issue: in Russia the conflict was between populists and partisans of a Western orientation (Herzen and Turgenev vs. Bakunin and Dostoyevsky); in Hungary, between the nationalist Kossuth and the moderate Deak; and in Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Rumania between similar *frères ennemis*. This is not due to split national personalities but to geopolitics and history: one nation's circumstances and experiences determine its policies and choices.

But let me concentrate on the Magyar dilemma. By temperament, Hungary is inward-looking, its treasure is not the future but rather memories to which each great turn of events adds an indelible note and symbol. Prosperity on a collective level is looked upon as a stroke of fortune, almost distractedly, not something for which essential things and lifestyles should be sacrificed. Liberalism does exist in this *sui generis* milieu, but it is the liberalism of 150 years ago, when the Anglophile Count Széchenyi introduced horse races and modern banking, built the first permanent bridge over the Danube, and launched numerous enterprises. He was a liberal who died in despair (somewhat like Simón Bolívar a generation before him), disappointed by the obstacles, both foreign (Habsburg) and domestic (a certain inertia and ceaseless conflicts). Ever since, liberalism has chalked up notable victories but has remained the spirit of a relatively small minority, by no means a mass-mentality. Thus if it reappears, it cannot enjoy full independence; the nation would not as a whole *trust* it, finding in it a foreign factor. Not that nationalism would be liberalism's exact and purposeful opponent; but it is something *else*, hardly articulable in any modern ideological or party language. "State liberalism," if there is such a thing, would be what people would under-

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stand, but that, of course, is a language that is too locally circumscribed for foreign investors, the Common Market, United Europe, and Washington.

Nobody knows at this point what the future orientation of Eastern Europe will or can be. The government, the bureaucracy, the opposition, the public figures on television pay daily lip service to democracy, the parliament, liberalism, cooperation, a united Europe, Atlantic Spirit, a better world. In most private conversations these same slogans are also present. But they are not flesh-and-blood matters, they are fashionable toys, the games people play.

The reason is not only the local temperament, which is much more "Western" than that of the other nations in the area; it is the nature of regional reality. In the West, people and their representatives can afford the luxury of practically ignoring history, hence they utter mostly gratuitous arguments such as "history is the expression of man's will," "we shape our future," "progress looms ahead," etc. This is not possible here, except in salon conversations when foreigners are present, since the sheer weight of daily problems, of frontiers threatened, and of the uncertainties of such things as the stability of Yugoslavia and the former Soviet republics are constant reminders of harsh realities. In the Bucharest parliament, deputies demand the blood of their Magyar colleagues who are present as representatives of the two-million Transylvanian minority. To the north, Slovak nationalists demand secession from Prague and the right to decide alone how to suppress their own minorities. Since no Germans remain after the brutal deportation of 1945, the target is again the Magyar community.

All in all, the situation is worse than it was between the two wars when Hitlerism fanned the national hatreds—this did not take much effort—but calmed them at the same time, since the German war mobilization was based on regional cooperation and support. It is today pathetic to hear the mouse-like words of Lord Carrington, the Dutch foreign minister, and of the entire council of disunited Europe trying to make peace in Yugoslavia, with nobody listening. Or to listen to that faraway gentleman in the Oval Room, the Chamberlain of the Nineties, chirping slogans that are not more effective for being uttered in Latin.

Yet miracles happen, and they are called "daily life." I have witnessed numerous times that, even with bombs falling, women cook the family meal, children go to school, people get married. Bombs are not (quite) falling on Hungary (although mines explode at the border), but Western nations would in similar circumstances be at least jittery. Here, not at all. Discussion groups gather, fans crowd at soccer games, bookshops prosper, people go to concerts, and the whole nation celebrates in remembrance of the 1956 uprising. Flags, smiles, tears, speeches, spectacles, and memories. Retired people can't afford a dollar for a meal, yet restaurants are crowded; the controversy rages over school buildings reclaimed by the Catholic Church, but priest and minister fall into each other's arms after blessing the Boy Scouts' new flag; the Ministry of Education runs on a nonbudget, but my students ask for a separate meeting time to discuss the merits of Buddhism.

This, by the way, would deserve a separate article: the intellectual status of religion after four decades of (attempted) communist indoctrination. It was absolutely not successful, yet here again there is a "but." Souls who could not investigate religion honestly and openly found exits through devious channels: interest in the occult and in oriental sects. (There is today a Tibetan monastery in Hungary, as also in France and Scotia.) About a fifth of my students, products of an extremely severe selection system, hence brilliant and well-read, is as aroused by a post-Christian, preferably oriental, credal doctrine as I found my students at Yale to be six or seven years ago. The latter expected me to teach them magical insights and nocturnal dances, while students in Budapest expect proof that man can live without (religious) institutions, on mere enthusiasm, forever renewed. I counter with arguments taken from philosophy, architecture, symbolization, history—and other fields brought together for them for the very first time, since such courses were banned by the Communists. Philosophy was Marxism and the ridiculing of the bourgeois; religion was the nail that received the "hammer blows" of the united working class.

The overarching question, which not even the three key words in the title can summarize but which must be asked, is about the role that Eastern Europe will play in the Western ensemble. All the actors claim they are "European," Russia included ever since Gorbachev spoke of the "common European house." The continent's name has become what the name "America" used to be in the slogan "America First." But the more often "Europe" is appropriated, the less it signifies. From Tallinn to Tiranë, from Karlovy Vary to Kiev, people claim that their integration into a "united Europe" took place more than a thousand years ago, that they need no new certificate of attestation. Budapest itself, having previously said "no" to a world expo, now plans one for 1996, the 1,100th anniversary of the settlement of the Carpatho-Danubian area.

Liberalism is presented to Eastern Europe as the only exit from its material misery, from its inferiority vis-à-vis the continent's Western half. Since the latter has usurped the label "Europe," it is told to join the concoction cooked up in Brussels, mostly by French Jacobins, in order to qualify as "Europeans." In the expectation of moneys received (subsidies, loans, investments, favored exports, and its own say in all this whenever integration occurs) Eastern Europe signs on the dotted line and makes some political concessions. But to expect an unopposed "yes" on its part is political naiveté. For because of Western insistence the East has dressed up in drag, has put on a uniform not unlike a clown's: ill-fitting, uncomfortable, and ridiculous because of the gestures it forces its wearers to make. While the West enjoys its own incantatory rhetoric like "peace-making in Yugoslavia," the clown *malgré lui* executes the dances. But, then, Moscow also believed it could call the tune forever.

Thomas Molnar's latest book is Philosophical Grounds, *published by Peter Lang.*

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Pat Buchanan's First Inaugural Address

by Gary North

What if Pat Buchanan were to win the presidency? That prospect intrigues me. Let's assume that Pat wins, someday. What could he do to restore the American republic? A great deal. I therefore propose my version of Pat Buchanan's first inaugural address.

* * *

It is a wonderful thing to be here in front of all these television cameras and know that I will not be interrupted even once by Michael Kinsley. It has been said that my election constitutes a revolution. Not so. I am a conservative. Conservatives do not believe in revolution. We believe in slow, organic change. I propose only minor, technical changes. Nothing revolutionary here.

Let me explain this program. It is not an extension of the New Nationalism, the New Freedom, the New Deal, or the New Frontier. I call it the Old Truths. The two most fundamental of these truths are these: one, "You can't get something for nothing"; and two, "If you play ball with the government, some bureaucrat will shove the bat down your throat. Or worse." I have divided my program into 12 sections.

1. Executive Orders

Since 1862, this country has been increasingly governed by executive orders issued by federal agencies, not by laws voted for by elected officials. I will introduce legislation to Congress this week establishing that executive orders from now on will apply only to employees of the Executive branch of the federal government. As my first official act as President of the United States, I am hereby signing Executive Order 12,788, which abolishes all previous executive orders, starting immediately. Anyone outside of the federal government who is asked to comply in any way with a previous executive order is hereby free to tell the offending government agency to consult this executive order.

Should the federal courts somehow find a loophole in this executive order, I intend to spend the remainder of my term of office signing pardons for private citizens convicted of disobeying executive orders. I call this program "Just Say No."

2. Regulation

It is my belief that the primary victims of the federal government's intrusion into privacy ought to be other government agencies. I am therefore signing Executive Order 12,789, which establishes a board that will consider accusations from one federal agency that another federal agency has lied or misled any official under the authority of any federal cabinet member. If one agency can prove that another has lied or misled the President of the United States or one of his lawful agents, the offending agency will have its appropriation cut the following year by one percent, half of which will go to the agency that blew the whistle, the other half going to a tax-rebate fund for the general public. The employee who successfully blew the whistle will be granted a tax-free bonus of up to a half-million dollars, and his immediate supervisor will be given an award of half of whatever the employee gets. Some critics of this plan expect deals to be cut between employees of different agencies, with employees of one leaking information to employees of another in exchange for similar leaks. I hope the critics are correct.

I am hereby establishing a Board of Appeals that will consider all such accusations. It will be staffed by a minimum of 10,000 agents, whom I will have transferred immediately from the Internal Revenue Service. I call this program "Whistle While You Work."

3. Taxation

Federal elections are held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November. I will submit legislation to Congress that establishes the filing date for all federal tax payments as the day before the elections. I call this program "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?"

I will also immediately propose legislation abolishing the federal withholding tax. I call this program "Your Check Is in the Mail."

4. The Federal Court System

I will propose legislation governing all federal lawsuits and executive agencies that establishes the obligation of the initiating agency to pay all court costs and legal fees of those defendants who are declared innocent. I call this program "You'd Better Be Sure."

To follow through on this, I will propose legislation governing all cases appealed to a federal court. The plaintiff will henceforth pay all the court costs of a defendant who is declared innocent. Also, in cases where the plaintiff's lawyer accepted the case on a contingency fee basis, the lawyer or his firm will pay the contingency percentage of the defendant's costs. I call this program "Caveat Barrister."

5. Health Care

I will propose legislation abolishing all regulatory controls by the Food and Drug Administration over medical treatments for AIDS. Anyone who thinks he has a cure for AIDS will henceforth be allowed to offer it for sale without interference from any federal agency. If it proves beneficial, fine. If it proves useless, no problem. If it proves harmful, the seller can be prosecuted by the victims. I expect no opposition on this matter from Congress, since the Demo-

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crats still control both houses, and they know that if AIDS is not stopped before the year 2000, their most vocal and active constituency will disappear. If this policy leads to a cure for AIDS, I intend to follow it with a similar deregulation over treatment for all other known diseases. I call this program "Bureaucracy Is the Real Epidemic."

6. The Post Office

The U. S. Congress has its own postal system. Not many Americans know this. Congressmen and Senators are not required to send their first-class letters through the U. S. Postal System. I will propose legislation establishing this same freedom for every American. I call this program "Stamp Out Monopoly."

7. Treaties

From now on, every treaty proposed to the U. S. Senate by this administration will have a self-destruct clause in it. If it is not proposed again by the President and consented to again by the Senate eight years after it becomes law, it automatically lapses. I call this program "No Permanent Entangling Alliances."

8. Monetary Policy

Article 1, Section 10 of the U. S. Constitution prohibits any state from making, and I quote, "any Thing but gold and silver Coin a Tender in Payment of Debts." I will propose legislation that will apply this same prohibition to the federal government. If such a restriction is good enough for California, it's good enough for Washington. If Congress doesn't want gold or silver as legal tender, the U. S. monetary system can do without legal tender. Fiat money is always a false promise. No one should be compelled to accept it except the tax collector. I call this program "Let's Hang Alan Greenspan From a Sour Apple Tree."

9. Citizenship

I will propose legislation that limits U. S. citizenship to those children born of, or adopted by, a family containing at least one American parent and to those adults naturalized by law. This will end the eighth-month pregnancy flights from South America into the United States for the purpose of establishing U. S. citizenship for one's newborn child. I call this program "It's a Nice Place to Visit, but You Wouldn't Want to Vote Here."

10. International Organizations

I will introduce legislation establishing that the United States government must reduce its annual payment or so-called "contribution" to any international organization, including the United Nations, by whatever amount necessary so that its annual payment does not exceed the smallest annual payment required from any member nation of that organization. What's good enough for Chad is good enough for the United States. I call this program "Low Bid Wins."

11. Federal Real Estate

I am signing Executive Order 12,790, which requires every federal executive agency to pay to the U. S. Treasury a monthly rental payment equal to the established market rent for comparable property in the same business district. No more subsidies to the agencies. They will have to budget their rent payments just as any other organization does. Any agency that agrees to pay a higher rent to the Treasury will be allowed to occupy any federal building presently occupied by any other federal agency. Any agency that believes that it can save money by moving outside of Washington, D.C., will be allowed to exercise that option. I call this program "High Bid Wins."

12. Bureau of Indian Affairs

I am signing Executive Order 12,791, which abolishes the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The money previously allotted for overhead and salaries to employees of the bureau will be divided equally between two funds. The first will be a tax-rebate fund. Money in the second fund will be sent on a per family basis to Indian families now under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. No further money will be sent to the tribal councils. One hundred fifty years of socialism is long enough. I call this program "Scalp Some Bureaucrats."

Some of my friends have warned me that by proposing this 12-part program to restore the republic I will probably be assassinated by some incensed liberal. I worried about this until just fifteen minutes ago. But I shall worry about it no longer . . . not since the swearing in of Vice-President Schlafly.

In 1933, Franklin Roosevelt's inaugural address contained two memorable phrases: "The only thing we have to fear is . . . fear itself," and "We have a rendezvous with destiny." In 1961, John F. Kennedy's inaugural address contained one memorable part: "Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask instead what you can do for your country."

I, too, want to be remembered for memorable statements. Therefore, let me end my inaugural address with the fundamental principle that has governed my thinking from my early days in the Nixon administration until today: You have heard it said that you can't fight city hall. But I say unto you, "You can p-- on the steps and run!"

Gary North is president of the American Bureau of Economic Research in Tyler, Texas.

The Case for Proportional Representation

by Allan Carlson

Congressional reapportionment, an orgy of partisan revenge and blatant self-interest mandated every ten years by our Constitution, proved particularly ugly in 1992. In Tennessee, Texas, and other states, judges required minority-dominated districts be carved out to insure representation to blacks and Hispanics. The results left even Governor Gerry turning over in his grave. New electoral districts took on grotesque shapes, as railroad tracks and creekbeds were used to bring scattered enclaves of "persons-of-color" into contiguous zones.

As agrarians, the Constitution's authors assumed that people occupying the same land area would develop common values and concerns. Indeed, in crafting the representation structure of the federal government (senators chosen by state legislatures and contiguous districts for seats in the House of Representatives), these men behaved as early

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bioregionalists. They shared an implicit faith in the power of geologic and biological environments to overcome differences of race, language, and religion and to shape meaningful communities of interest.

Not too many decades had passed, though, before partisan squabbling had partially subverted this vision. More recently, two developments have completely undermined it. First, members of Congress have emerged primarily as ombudsmen, officials who investigate and resolve citizens' complaints against the government. The complexity of federal regulation, tied to the munificence of government checks, favors, and exemptions, has turned "lawmakers" into problem-solvers and fairy godmothers for the constituents back home. Indeed, viewed cynically, members of Congress now have a strong vested interest in government confusion and size, encouraging them to create problems they can then "solve." Second, the concept of "group rights" defined in terms of race, language, or religion rather than area has gained considerable legal ground. While pretending to deny such distinctions, modern American law is rapidly moving toward a system of special privileges based on skin color and ancestry. "Race determination boards" are already a feature here, and they will undoubtedly grow in prominence, driven by each new civil rights statute. Moreover, the Senate no longer serves as a meaningful brake on federal usurpation of the authority of the states. Since 1913, state legislatures have had no linkage to the senators "serving" them, and these independent senators blithely approve the federal mandates (such as Medicaid) that are destroying the last shreds of budgetary and programmatic autonomy in the states. To top it all off, voters are mad as hell, no longer believing that they are represented in Washington.

It's time, I suggest, to acknowledge the failure of the existing scheme and to consider alternate strategies of federal representation. I propose two constitutional changes that would empower the states relative to the federal government, strengthen a positive regionalism, enhance accountability, eliminate the incentive to greater government complexity and growth, and allow for a more honest expression of "group rights" and minority representation.

First, repeal the 17th Amendment. This offspring of an earlier populist campaign was misbegotten. Repeal of this amendment would return the selection of senators to the respective state legislatures. Instead of being vote hustlers dependent on the distribution of federal largesse to interest groups, senators would again be the servants of their states. No longer would they get away with policy postures that damaged their states' autonomy and interests. I also suspect we would gain a better class of senators: "leading citizens," rather than the expensive "media creations" of the recent past.

Second, elect members of the House of Representatives by proportional representation. One-third (145) of the seats should be selected on a nationwide basis. Two-thirds (290) should be distributed by population size into historical election districts (such as The Great Lakes, the Border States, the Old South, the Northeast, the Plains States, the Northwest, the Southwest, and—of course—Southern California). Political parties would develop lists of candidates, heavily governed by party loyalty, for election to these seats. Citizens would then cast a single vote for a party, not an individual. Any party winning four percent or more of the vote, either on the national or on one or more of the "regional" lists, would gain that percentage of House seats from that pool. If no single party succeeded in winning a majority of the House seats (and so gain control of the House speakership and committee appointments), a coalition of parties would need to form with the political deal openly cut.

The gains from these reforms would be numerous. Authentic minorities in the United States could organize their own parties and elect their own people: the African-American Party, for example, or the Hispanic Party of America. If such ethnic voting blocs don't really exist (as some observers suspect), these citizens would find representation in parties expressing their social class or moral aspirations. Meaningful ideological minorities in America could also win real power and an ongoing voice in the affairs of government. A Pat Buchanan Party, for example, probably could have won 15 to 20 percent of congressional seats in 1992 under such a scheme, possibly giving its party leader the "balance of power" in a reformed Congress.

Party platforms would again become real documents designed for action. Party discipline and accountability would both enjoy resurgence. Politicians would hold a vested interest in simplifying government. Congressional staffs could be sharply reduced. The number of parties would multiply, and the bureaucratic monsters known as the Republican Party and the Democratic Party would reform or die.

Regions of the nation, I predict, would recover their distinctive identities. The nation-at-large would enjoy reinvigorated state legislatures, a stronger and more responsible Congress, and a dramatic increase in voter participation. Indeed, we might just rediscover what it's like to live in a real, functioning democracy.

Allan Carlson is president of The Rockford Institute and publisher of Chronicles.

The Town Meeting

by George L. Clark

When America was closer to her democratic roots, citizens held town meetings to discuss problems and vote on policies. I was born too late to participate in any of those meetings myself, but the idea of getting together with other concerned citizens to discuss important issues has a nostalgic appeal for me. Consequently, I jumped at the chance to attend a meeting of townspeople to discuss "what we would like the next President to do about the economy." The meeting was unforgettable, but what I got out of it was not a list of actions the President might take to rescue the economy, but rather insight into why the economy is in need of rescue in the first place.

The meeting began with a discussion of the symptoms of our sick economy—the unemployed, the homeless, the trade and budget deficits, decay of our infrastructure, the number of people on welfare, on Food Stamps, or without adequate medical care, the fact that young people can't afford to buy a house, even with two incomes, and so on. The people spoke with great eloquence. After about an hour, they moved on to their ideas of how to fix the problems.

At this point, the mood of the meeting changed. The anger at the state of things turned into the excitement of a crusade. Faces glowed and voices filled

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with fervor as citizens described their pet ideas on what should be done. I was dumbstruck. I had expected this part of the meeting to be a discussion of what the next President could do to help the economy, but to my astonishment, for the remaining two hours, not one word was uttered on that subject.

One person suggested making the tax on tobacco so high that everyone would stop smoking. Another wanted to raise the tax on gasoline high enough to discourage all use of internal-combustion engines and to force people into electric cars. One man wanted to institute a negative income tax, a method of automatically supplementing the incomes of poor people, to guarantee everyone adequate food and housing. He recognized that some people would choose to live on this income, but considered that his plan had an added advantage—people thus freed from the necessity of making a living could contribute to society by producing great art! As soon as that man mentioned art, a woman suggested that not only should the arts be free of censorship, but that a federal grant for art should be available to anyone who wants one. In other words, anyone should get money to do anything he wishes to call art.

Most people favored federally funded health care, and there was talk about adopting national health plans similar to those of England, France, Sweden, Canada, and other countries. Many people wanted to do something about the high salaries paid to CEOs of large corporations. They suggested more steeply progressive income tax rates and a 100 percent inheritance tax to reduce income disparities. They also wanted to increase government regulation of the Savings and Loan industry and the airlines, and to pass laws to make corporations better "corporate citizens."

In short, people didn't want to talk about the economy, but about how to use the power of the federal government to restructure society. What was missing was any discussion of the effect these changes would have on the economy.

People often speak of an economy as being sick. The biological metaphor is apt, because the specialized parts of an economy, like those of an organism, cooperate for the benefit of the whole. The economy, like an animal, feeds and grows according to its own nature and is healthiest when all of its parts are allowed to function naturally. The biological metaphor even extends to parasitism. Both societies and animals have parasites that attach to them and draw nourishment from them. The detrimental effect of a small parasite on a large animal may be negligible, but if the parasite grows too much, it debilitates the host. If the drain becomes severe enough to kill the animal, the parasite also dies.

Natural selection has endowed parasites with the genetic wisdom to obey their own version of the Laffer curve. They limit the amount of nourishment they draw from the host to keep from endangering its life and their own existence. Government do-goodism, which is nothing more or less than socialism, is an economic parasite. Unable to live in pure form, it can survive only by drawing strength from a host economy. It does not have the innate wisdom of a natural parasite, but grows until the host society either collapses or becomes wise enough to throw it off.

The former Soviet Union and the countries of Eastern Europe are examples of societies that socialism has destroyed. The growing costs of the health care and welfare programs of Sweden, the Netherlands, Denmark, and France are draining their national economies. Taxes are so high in Sweden that investors are finding tax havens abroad, and Swedish corporations are moving out of the country. (Sound familiar?) In the Netherlands, as many people live on the dole as work, and because of the generous health benefits Dutch workers enjoy, as many as 13 percent of those in the "working" group call in sick. Small wonder that the economies of these countries are in trouble.

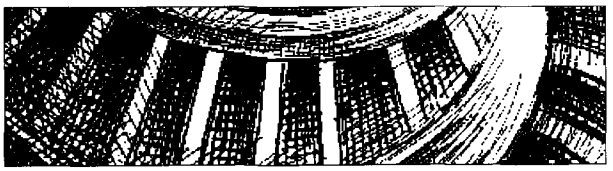
The town meeting showed me how little the American people understand the workings of free enterprise, the economic system that has made them the envy of the world. This economic system, based on each person's ownership of himself and the products of his labor, is the most efficient and moral system yet devised; efficient because it provides maximum incentive for each individual to produce what the other members of society want, and moral because it recognizes the natural right of individuals to choose how to employ their own talents and to dispose of what they produce.

The townspeople are apparently not concerned about the immorality of taking the fruits of one person's labor to give to another. They want to push toward what-ought-to-be but apparently have forgotten that the output of the economy determines the limits of what-can-be. They need to realize that government action beyond keeping the peace usually shrinks the realm of what-can-be by reducing the freedom people need to create jobs and prosperity.

The town meeting convinced me that the source of our economic difficulties does not lie in the President's actions or inaction—it is much closer to home. As Pogo said, "We have met the enemy, and he is us."

George L. Clark is a retired research scientist living in Manhattan Beach, California.

LIBERAL ARTS



ART APPRECIATION

Many heartfelt thanks . . . for coverage of the exhibition entitled "Gender Engendered," which ran through June 13th at the Community Education Center (CEC). . . . Also allow me to thank the staff and board of the CEC for honoring its commitment not to remove work on the basis of content. Despite strong objections from some quarters, the CEC held firm.

Unfortunately, a few disgruntled individuals expressed their dissatisfaction with the exhibition by vandalizing five of the artworks.

—*from a July 2, 1992, letter to* The City Newspaper, *Philadelphia.*

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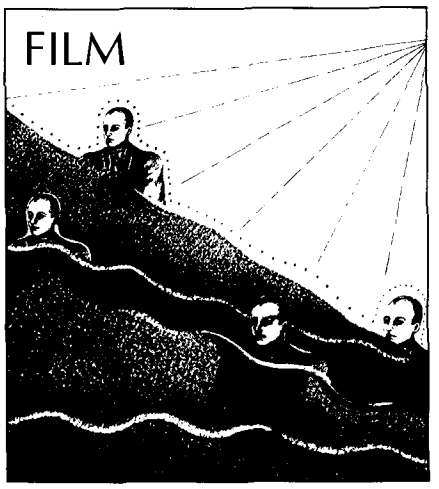

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Gaiety Follies

by David R. Slavitt

Edward II
Produced by Steve Clark-Hall and Antony Root
Directed by Derek Jarman
Screenplay by Derek Jarman, Stephen McBride, and Ken Butler
Based on the play by Christopher Marlowe
Released by Fine Line Features

Howards End
Produced by Ishmail Merchant
Directed by James Ivory
Screenplay by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala
Based on the novel by E.M. Forster
A Sony Pictures Classic Release

I went to *Edward II*, expecting to hate it. In New Haven the week before, I had seen the extraordinarily fine production of the play Stan Wojewodski, the new dean of the Yale Drama School, had mounted at the Yale Rep, and I was skeptical of any screen version, particularly a gay-rights polemicization. Whatever Marlowe's own sexual orientation, it seems clear that his rendition of Edward II's homosexual liaison with Piers Gaveston was intended as yet another and almost incidental perversion. The promotion by Edward of his lowborn minion over the nobles was the primary violation of order and the main affront to Mortimer and other peers. In any event, the drumbeat for the gay-liberation parade had not begun to sound either in Edward's time (early 14th century) or Marlowe's (the play was registered in 1594).

Mostly, though, I had been amazed at the power of Wojewodski's production, the effectiveness of the staging on Michael Yeargan's amazing set, the dramatic lighting by Jennifer Tipton (who teaches lighting now at Yale), and the extraordinary music of Kim Sherman who uses a glass harmonica, violins, cello, and drums, to particularly eerie and menacing effect. There was a certain unevenness to the cast and a considerable range in its abilities with the declamation of blank verse, but through its energy and concentration, it brought the sprawling play to life and by the end to splendid incandescence. Byron Jennings' Edward was just right: childish and willful but never totally contemptible and, toward the end, quite moving. And Thomas Gibson as Gaveston and Cara Duff-MacCormick as Isabel were admirably inventive in their strategies for resisting the monotones of their roles.

Shakespeare's *Richard II*—with which *Edward II* is sometimes paired in repertory productions—is in many ways similar. Both plays show us foolish kings who, undone by their folly, repent of it too late. Shakespeare's drama is sensible and sane, recognizing the inevitability of Bolingbroke's triumph and yet able to mourn the loss and the death of a Richard who may be incompetent but is poetic and, in his way, more wonderful than the man who has displaced him. Marlowe's Edward is impossible, a dandy, a totally inappropriate fellow to be a king, but Marlowe gives him a grand threnody that must have been the model for Shakespeare's play, written in 1594 or 1595. How could Shakespeare not have been moved and challenged by the grandeur of the defeated king's complaint? Marlowe writes:

> The griefs of private men are soon allay'd
> But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
> Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
> But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd
> He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
> And highly scorning that the lowly earth
> Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air.
> And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
> The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
> And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
> That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison;
> For such outrageous passions cloy my soul
> As with the wings of rancour and disdain
> Full often am I soaring up to Heaven,
> To plain me to the gods against them both.
> But when I call to mind I am a king,
> Methinks I should revenge me of the wrongs
> That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
> But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
> But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?

It is splendid stuff, and Jarman has taken this splendor as warrant for some kind of gay-lib manifesto. For Marlowe, however, the homosexual affair was relevant not because it was any more or less immoral than a heterosexual liaison would have been, but because a man, as the king's favorite, was a danger to the kingdom in a way no woman could have been.

Jarman's film was produced in part for the BBC, which will air it next year for the 400th anniversary of Marlowe's death, and the director may also have figured that he could make it an act of defiance, using the text as a gauntlet to throw in the faces of such stodges as Jesse Helms and Margaret Thatcher. Edward's balmy incompetence as a ruler seems to Jarman not even worth mention. At one point in the play, for instance, Edward gets word of the loss of Normandy but is not even interested because he is so absorbed in his longing for Gaveston's return. In the film, though, this is cut, and we get instead odd emendations and additions, not so much of dialogue as of action. The play calls for Edward's brother, Edmund, the Earl of Kent, to be beheaded offstage. Jarman has Isabel, Edward's Queen, descend on her manacled brother-in-law and bite him in the neck, ripping out a huge gobbet of flesh and tearing at his veins deeply enough to kill him. She is

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played by Tilda Swinton, whose beauty is here made to be horrible, literally vampish. She does this bloody deed in front of her young son, Edward III, who is inexplicably wearing a tuxedo, dangling earrings, and lipstick. (Has he gone gay too? Or will he, when he reaches puberty? And if so, do we blame the mother?)

But it is not my purpose here simply to deplore the film. I expected to dislike it, and, in the end, I did regret some of its liberties, but I was also struck by its visual power, impressed by the cast, and agreeably surprised by some of its subtler touches. In the film version, for example, Andrew Tiernan's Gaveston delivers his Marlovian verse with a decided Cockney bite—which would have been remarkably effective and apposite in the Yale production. There are predictable gay-rights parades and demonstrations. There are also a couple of dance numbers—one funny, the other quite striking—and there is a wacky moment in which Annie Lenox of the Eurythmics comes on to sing Cole Porter's "Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye" as a kind of MTV dramatization of the moment when Edward (Steven Waddington), having banished Gaveston, has to say good-bye.

The nonrepresentational space of the play was a series of ladders and drawbridges that could be raised and lowered in different configurations. The film is in another kind of nonrepresentational setting, some grand but primitive structure that has monumental walls of whitewashed stone but dirt floors, and the costumes are more or less contemporary. It flows with nightmare authenticity and has the Senecan rage and excess that enliven the Elizabethan theater of blood. Edward's grotesque demise—Lightborn, Mortimer's agent, comes to Berkeley Castle, does what is basically a love scene with Edward, and then rams a red hot poker up his rear end—must surely rank with the butcher-shop conclusion of *'Tis a Pity She's a Whore*, but Jarman elects to switch the order of these pieces of business, giving us the death first, then turning that death into a dream—because how else can we account for the fact that Edward is still living, still there? And then we get the love scene in which Edward and Lightborn rather chastely kiss. Strange, but why not?

Jarman's ending is total fancy, or, to put it another way, has no relation whatever with the text of Marlowe's play. Sometimes, this can work well, as when Queen Isabel comes on to Gaveston, and he appears to be receptive to her startling overture, only to turn it into a nasty joke and, perhaps, an occasion for blackmail. There is an exchange of dialogue in the play of a couple of lines that Jarman rips out of context to use here, but there is no such action in the play. Still, in its suggestion of an atmosphere of general corruption, it is at least plausible and entirely consonant with Marlowe's fascination and disgust. On the other hand, the ending is a strange piece of business in which the young Edward III, a depraved, Caligula-like creature with the tux and the earrings, is dancing in autoerotic triumph to the music of the *Nutcracker* (the "Sugarplum Fairy," actually) that blares from his Walkman. The camera pulls back and we see, below him, Mortimer and Isabel in formal dress but in a cage. Marlowe thought it was sufficient to have Edward III mouth conventional pieties as he is presented with Mortimer's head.

Howards End has had a lot of praise, some of which is deserved—the costumes and sets are pretty, and the acting is stylish if sometimes mannered. Helena Bonham-Carter and Anthony Hopkins are particularly good, although Vanessa Redgrave plays Ruth Wilcox with a fatigue that is not indicated in the novel and leaves us mystified as to how and why the friendship could have grown up between her and Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson). Mostly, I think, there is the bandwagon syndrome—the agreeable *Room with a View* and *Passage to India* having numbed critics into expecting another Merchant-Ivory-Jhabvala translation not just of one more reputable Forster novel but of what is most probably his masterpiece. This moviemaking has enhanced Forster's reputation, and there is also the tempting promise that movies can provide all the good (fun? uplift? a combination of these?) of the novel without the nuisance of our having to sound out its long words or labor through the tedium of its subordinate clauses.

I don't get it. Anyone but a dyslexic who is smart enough to enjoy this movie is smart enough to read the book and, therefore, feel annoyance about a film that wrecks one after another of Forster's carefully planted structural devices and blows almost every artful surprise. When Helen turns out to be pregnant rather than mad, it is, in the novel, a stunning revelation. But if we have already seen her making love with Leonard Bast in a rowboat, we are not likely to be astonished. When it turns out that the Schlegels' furniture has been unpacked and installed in Howards End, in the book this is a quirky action of the dotty housekeeper, and therefore a kind of miracle. The house, itself, seems to be welcoming them and even calling out for the reparation of the old wrong of the denied inheritance. In the film, we see the housekeeper arranging the Schlegels' possessions and thus cannot be surprised or amazed. (Neither can we possibly understand why Henry Wilcox thinks it impossible for anyone to spend even one night there.)

Clumsy, pretentious, and wrongheaded altogether, the film is worst of all monotonous. The range and the passion of the novel are missing. The way in which Forster, a homosexual, looked at the constraints of class and money and how these affect heterosexual love was fascinating, and his disinterested compassion informed and enlivened a book far too engaging for this dull and pompous presentation. The great love of Forster's life was with a young man named Mohammed, an Alexandrian tram conductor—a liaison that would have been impossible for heterosexuals because, with them, the issue is issue and there are property rights as well as proprieties to worry about. Forster taught Latin for a while at the Working Men's College in Bloomsbury where he would have met a number of Leonard Basts and even fallen in love with one or another of them—although for him to express such love would have been even more ruinous than it was for Helen Schlegel.

I cannot for the life of me imagine what the reviewers were thinking who lavished praise on this traduction—as most did. When I was a kid and working as the flicker-picker at *Newsweek*, the only movie reviewer who seemed to me sane and reliable was Brendan Gill. He moved on to other, loftier realms—theater and then architecture. And no one trustworthy seems to be left. Except for me, of course.

Such conclusions can be occasions for concern about one's mental health—but not, I think, this time.

David R. Slavitt is a poet and novelist who lives in Philadelphia.

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No Money For Conservatives.

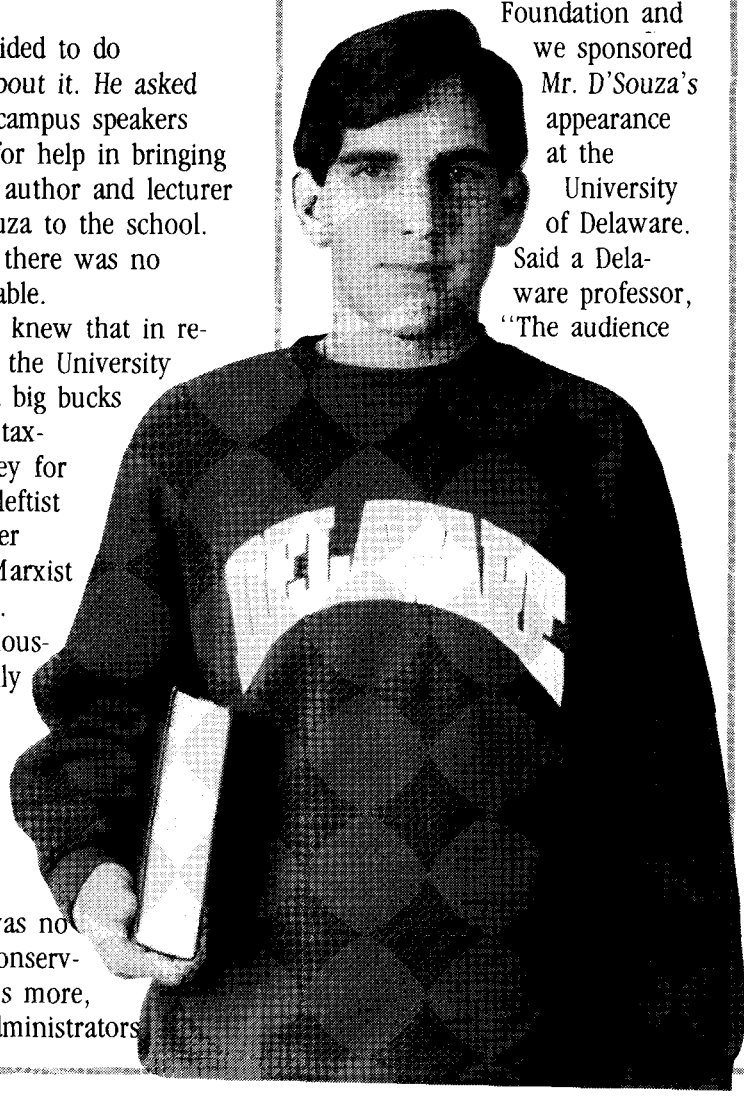
Heath Buzin was fed up. A junior at the University of Delaware, he was tired of the steady procession of liberal and left-wing guest speakers at his campus.

Heath decided to do something about it. He asked the various campus speakers committees for help in bringing conservative author and lecturer Dinesh D'Souza to the school. He was told there was no money available.

But Heath knew that in recent months the University had paid out big bucks in Delaware taxpayers' money for well-known leftist speakers. Over $6,000 for Marxist Angela Davis. Additional thousands for Molly Yard, Cesar Chavez, Stokely Carmichael and other liberal lecturers.

But there was no money for conservatives. What's more, University administrators tried to discourage the conservatives from inviting Mr. D'Souza because he was "too controversial."

Heath Buzin persisted. He contacted Young America's Foundation and we sponsored Mr. D'Souza's appearance at the University of Delaware. Said a Delaware professor, "The audience of more than 350 was the largest at our campus since the early seventies."



Don't take "no" for an answer. Heath Buzin fought back and is still fighting to bring balance to the speakers program at the tax-supported University of Delaware. Young America's Foundation is helping him with speakers, advice, and literature. In the past year we have sponsored hundreds of conservative speakers at campuses all over the United States; speakers such as Norman Schwarzkopf, Edwin Meese, Russell Kirk, Robert Novak and Phyllis Schlafly.

If you need our help we want to hear from you. Or if you would like to help Young America's Foundation to assist students like Heath Buzin, please contact us.

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